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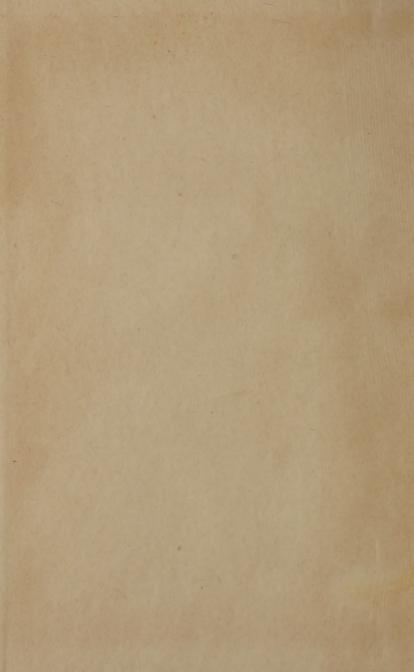
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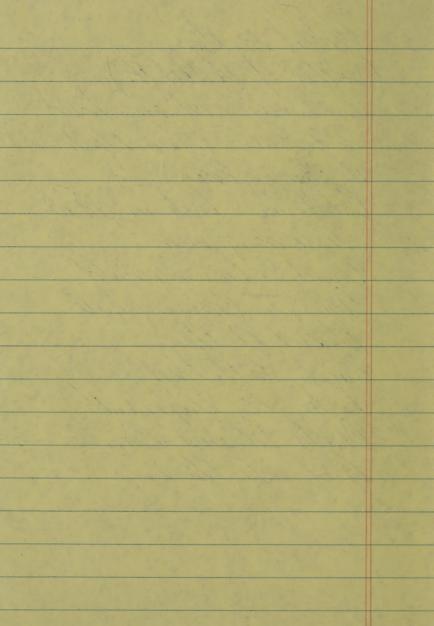
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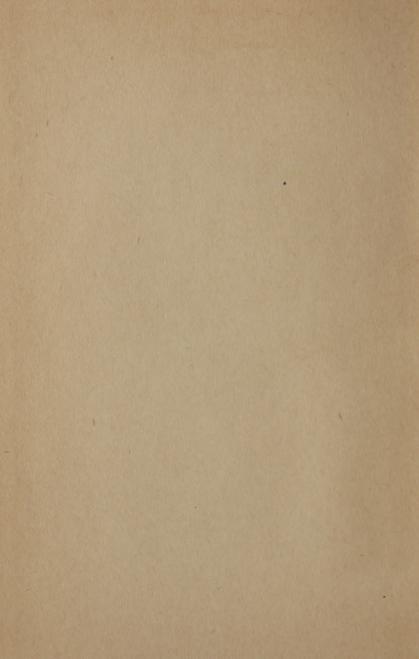
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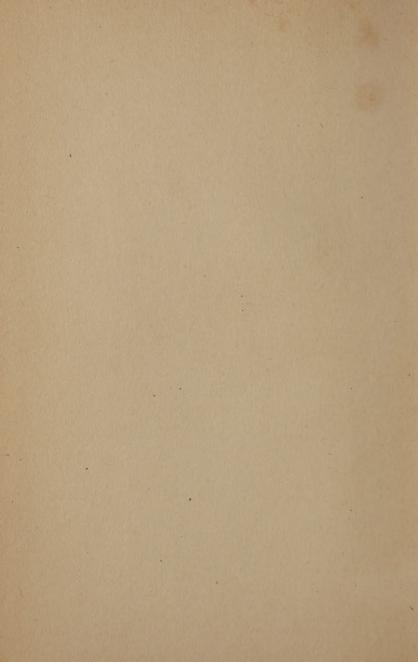
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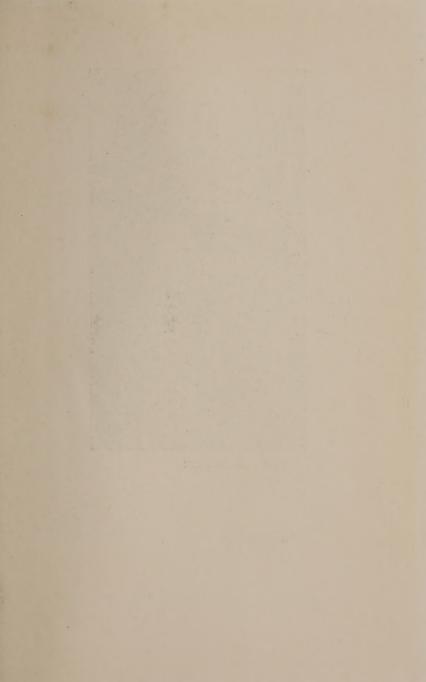






Lester R. Duserault Charles Eduard Barr. Tuy J. Hansen. Jamel S. Coowningshield anna J. Crowningshield Herbert A. Heis Ralph H. Hiers







DAD AND MOTHER

THE JOLLY EIGHT

DANIEL SMITH CROWNINGSHIELD



BOSTON RICHARD G. BADGER, PUBLISHER THE GORHAM PRESS

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This Book is Dedicated

To My Wife

And Our Boys



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THE JOLLY EIGHT

CHAPTER I

PROLOGUE

FOR several years Mother and I had planned to take a real camping trip to California and back by auto, take our boys out to see the "Wild and wooly West," and visit some of the United States national parks.

Our boys are sons by proxy, and for years they have been coming into our home and hearts, and as one went a new one came to take his place. Many of our boys have remained with us for several years, and then taken a wife and gone to homes of their own. At this time we had several boys in our home who had learned to call us Dad and Mother and who seemed quite like sons to us. And one day I informed Mother that we would take this long-dreamed of trip from Coast to Coast in about five years, so we began to study catalogs and magazines for a good camping outfit. We finally made our selections, and ordered. and in May we thought it was warm enough to try it out, so Mother and I and two of the boys packed the car, and we went on a short trip to try out a brook for fishing. We also wanted to find out how much of a sport Mother was.

This trip was quite a success. We all enjoyed it, and while the rest of us were fishing Mother made out a list of things we would need before we went camp-

ing again. The last of May we were going to have four days' vacation over Memorial Day, and we planned a trip to the White Mountains. This trip also was a success, and we began to go camping every chance we could get. But we decided we must take quite a long trip some time, to find out how much Mother really could stand, so we took a trip to Niagara Falls. We were gone from home eighteen days, and we found that Mother was no weakling.

As the years went by we kept improving our outfit, and the boys were saving up the required amount of three hundred dollars for the Coast to Coast trip. It was pretty hard for Mother to get the boys to save, for of course as we went on fishing and hunting trips they were anxious to buy new fishing tackle and guns. They thought the trip to the Far West was all talk or just a dream.

One of our boys had returned to his home in Granville, Mass., and had gone to work in the drum factory there. But he was still fired with the desire to take the trip to the Pacific ocean and back, and kept talking about it with his older brother. They knew two other boys who were wild to take a trip out West, and they all wished they might take the trip in the Spring. So one day in April the parents of our two boys, Herbert and Ralphie, drove over to Greenfield and informed us that they and the other two boys could go this year, but were not at all sure about next year. This happened to be the fourth year, one year sooner than we had planned.

I looked at Mother, and she looked at me and said, "Yes, we will go; another year will make no differ-

ence with us." Her reply gave us all a thrill, and we talked it over and made our plans, and set the starting day for May 30. We were to go for three months, and must be back on our jobs by September 1. They were to get maps and study out a trip, while we were doing the same. Then we would go to Granville to plan together, and map out our trip. It was rather sudden for all of us, but we got busy with books and maps, and for two weeks we studied and planned until the wee small hours of the night. Letters went thick and fast from one town to another. Then we went to Granville with our plans, and we all got together and decided what we all wanted to see most. We had to give up some things, and so did they, but by the time we had to start for home we all felt well pleased with the trip we had decided on.

We had marked out a trip of 12,000 miles, with a mailing station for every thousand miles, for the six boys had many relations and friends who would be anxious to hear from them and answer their letters. The Granville boys had made a trailer, and were making a bug proof tent. No bugs or mosquitoes were going to have a chance to visit their highway house at night. Mother was very much interested in this bug proof tent, and had expressed a desire to have a canvas floor for our tent, but had given up the idea for fear of having too much luggage.

We discussed the trailer with the boys and decided it would be very nice to have, but that it would be more bother than comfort, so they gave up the trailer idea. Their car was an open Essex, with an auto tent on both sides, covering a full sized bed on each side. Our car was an open Nash. Our tent was a large square tent, large enough to hold all the boys on a rainy day, and our four cots. We had all decided that this trip to the West was to be a real camping trip—no rushing to hotels for eats and soft beds! We were to dress in khaki and wear heavy shoes, and be ready for all kinds of weather. Mother was not even to carry a dress.

The last two weeks went by all too quickly. It was no small job to decide what to take and what not to take. Mother was a busy woman. She had made a bag for each one. We had sent away and bought two large canvas bags, and two of Mother's bags went into each canvas bag, each private bag tied with a different color so that each knew where his own things were. Then we had to get some one to hold down our jobs for us for three months, and Mother and I had to find some one to stay in the house, take care of Buddy the cat, and look after the garden and swarms of bees. Dear old Uncle Elmer offered to do this for us. He was Uncle Elmer by proxy the same as the boys: he had lived in our house for some time, and we had all learned to love him and call him Uncle. He was not old, but past his fifties; he could stand on his head as straight as a fence post, a stunt our boys had often tried with him out under the plum tree. Young and limber as they were, they could not do this stunt as well as Uncle Elmer.

The boys were buying rifles and revolvers and some big knives to fasten to their belts, so Mother informed us that if she must give up her dresses and put on khaki, she too ought to have a weapon of some kind.



READY TO START FOR THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST



And Uncle Elmer presented her with a loaded billy club, with a strong rawhide in the end to hang over her arm or fasten to her belt.

At last the great day arrived, our cars were packed, and we were ready to get under way for Granville to start with the other boys. Some of our good neighbors came over to look over our car, and to see us off—and how they wished they were going too! But we hardly realized as yet that we were really off for a three months trip. At first it seemed just like any other one of our camping trips. At 10 A. M. we started the engine, and were off for Westfield, where we called a short time at Lester's home; then we were on our way to Granville. As we drove into the yard there, we saw so many people that it looked as if all Granville had turned out to see us off.

We were invited in to dinner, and all who had dolled up in neckties were soon relieved of them, for there were to be no neckties on this trip. Mother had started from Greenfield with a dainty little half-inch black ribbon at her neck, and it very quickly disappeared inside her blouse, so she got away with it and the next morning it appeared at her neck. None of the boys observed it, so I let her have her precious tie. After our dinner we went out and looked over the Essex car. There were many snapshots taken of us all. Then some one suggested that we move our cars to the village green, just across the road, where we could get some better pictures of the outfit, and here we visited for some time, with the crowd growing larger all the time. At two o'clock we were to start, and a few minutes of two we were all seized and

kissed, and I doubt if our boys had ever been kissed by so many pretty girls before in their lives. Mother and I got our share with the boys. Then we all piled into the cars and started the engines, and as the cars began to move, everybody cheered and yelled goodby and wished us luck. The boys held up their big knives, and fired off their revolvers. The Granville boys had taken a drum with them, and as we moved along the road they got busy with the drumsticks, and all Granville knew the Jolly Eight were on their way for the wild and wooly West, to live the gipsy life for three months.

CHAPTER II

Our First Night Out

OUR sudden start for the West had made a very busy month for us all. Now we were really on the road at last, really off for a 12,000 mile trip. We were soon in the state of Connecticut. As we came up over a hill, we saw a great crowd and many autos, and heard cheering. A ball game was on, and one of the boys exclaimed: "How I do wish we could stop and see it!" Mother replied: "There is no reason why we cannot stop, we are not going home for three months." So off we rushed, realizing for the first time that we were really out on that long planned Western trip; and as we ran, we began to feel gipsy blood in our very systems, and we knew we would never be quite the same again. After the game was over we returned to Mother and our cars on the gallop, and were soon on our way again.

In the city of New Haven we noticed the buildings of Yale College as we passed, so we drove around and saw as much of the college grounds as we could. We saw many fine looking fellows, who no doubt would have envied us if they had known we were off for the far West. It was such a wonderful day we did not notice that night was approaching and that we must find a place to set up a camp for the night near water, until a gorgeous sunset loomed up before us. We soon found water, but it seemed to be owned by wealthy people with elegant homes, and we traveled along for

miles beside it but could find no place for a camp site. We were drawing near a village, it was growing dusky, when the boys piled out and were off on a run with Eddie in the lead. Unfortunately he had an accident to his clothes and returned to Mother feeling quite depressed, to the great amusement of the other boys, but Mother told him not to worry, she could fix him up as good as new by morning, and that what we needed now more than anything else was a place where we could camp for the night. Immediately the boys were off again to look for a camping place.

It was growing dark fast, and we were in a strange land, but after a while a man in a Ford came along and when we told him we were seeking a place to camp for the night, he told us to follow him and he would take us out in the country to his home. Se we blew three long blasts on the horn, which was the call to bring our tribe together, and off we started behind the Ford. The man took us many miles out into the country and let us camp in his back yard. All the way out the boys were giving Eddie the razz about his accident, but Eddie was always a good sport, and had a laugh all his own which sounded so jolly that when any one heard him laugh they were sure to stop and look for some fun.

When we reached the man's yard, he told us to set up anywhere, so we went as far from the house as we could, so as not to be obliged to throttle down the hilarity of our boys. It was their first night out, and they were all beginning to feel their freedom and were like a bunch of colts turned out to pasture. How Mother and I enjoyed their fun! We got out our

pails, and the boys went to borrow some water, so as to have plenty for the early morning. We washed up and ate the lunch we had brought from home, and before we got all set for the night it was almost ten o'clock.

We had covered 152 miles, so we were really quite a way from home on our first night out. We were glad enough to tumble into bed, for we all had been up early to pack the cars, and we had had quite a strenuous day. The traffic had been heavy, for it was Memorial Day. The day had been a perfect Spring day. The hills and mountains were decked out in their beautiful Spring dress, and looked so fresh and tender in the peculiar shade of green which belongs to the month of May. The gardens and fields were freshly plowed, and everybody was busy with the Spring work. It was the day for decorating the graves with flowers and flags for the hero dead, and all along the way the cemeteries looked so beautiful that we wondered if we should see anything on our Western trip as rich and beautiful as our own New England states.

That night we were all tired, and still we could not sleep, for our bodies still thrilled with the excitement of the day and of the busy weeks of planning and of getting ready and off. As we lay there stretched upon our cots—they were not like our soft beds at home—we were resting but wide awake, when suddenly the long scream of a whistle was heard, and a long train dashed by within a few feet of our camp. We all sat up, and merry laughter pealed from all our boys. It proved to be a very busy road, and train after train

rumbled by, blowing their long whistles, until the roosters began to crow and we knew it was midnight. There was more laughter as the boys began to crow too, and even Mother had to join them in their fun. Finally we quieted down, when there came the scream of another long whistle and the rattle bang of what we thought was an endless freight train. Then the roosters crowed again, and we knew it was three o'clock, and still our boys were wide awake enough to help with the crowing and razz Eddie some more about his accident. A little more quiet, and then another whistle and a passenger train dashed by, and the horses in the barn stamped their feet, and the dogs barked, and the roosters became very active again, and we knew it was five o'clock, and that morning had come, and our first night out had come to an end.

It was a cold morning too, but out we piled. The water was icy cold, and how we snuffled and blew as we dashed it on our faces! Soon the air was fragrant with our coffee, and as we looked around there were several houses near. Our neighbors were curious to see their back door campers, and came out to call and to look our outfit over. They seemed to be so nice and kind and interested in our trip and outfit, and in our jolly bunch of boys, as they watched us pack up for another day's travel. We thanked our kind friends and bid them goodby, and as we drove down the road the boys started a jolly song and beat the drum. We were happy, and we had left our friends happy and laughing as they waved goodby to us. We shall always remember Stamford, Conn., as the place of our first night out on the great trip. And Eddie's accident!

They will never let him forget about that event if he should live to be a hundred years old.

Now we were on our way again, and at Stamford Centre the boys sent cards to many of their friends who would be eager to hear where we had spent our first night. Then we passed through New Rochelle and Mt. Vernon, New York. At Yonkers, New York, we crossed the ferry over the Hudson River into New Jersey. We followed the Hudson for many miles, and ate our dinner on top of the Palisades overlooking the river. It was a most beautiful spot, so we did some exploring around, got out our binoculars and looked across the river at a view well worth seeing. We spent an hour at this beautiful spot on the Hudson, and then we were on our way again.

We passed through Jersey City and Newark, and drove past the Ford branch plant and the Durant plant at Elizabeth. We passed Princeton College at Princeton, N. J., and at Trenton we made a short stop and drove through a beautiful park. We crossed the Delaware River into Pennsylvania, and travelled for miles and miles through wonderful cities.

As we drove along through Oxford Valley in Pennsylvania, we came to a free camping place in an apple orchard. It was five-thirty, and the sun was quite high, but we decided to set up for the night here for we knew we should all want to hit the hay early and make up for the sleep lost the night before. The tables and chairs looked good to us and we all made a rush for them, thinking they might be the last ones we would have a chance to use until we returned to our homes in the East. After we had stretched our legs

and fooled around for a while, we drove in and set our tents up for the night. Then we washed up, and cooked our supper. We had a game of ball, and were off to bed before dark to make up our lost sleep. No trains or roosters disturbed us in this peaceful orchard, and we slept until six o'clock.

Mother was the first to wake up, and she called out to the other tent, "Boys, boys, boys, it is the first day of June!" Then she began to recite Lowell's poem to us:

No price is set on the lavish summer. June may be had by the poorest comer. And what is so rare as a day in June? Then if ever come perfect days.

The boys began to sing a song, and every one seemed to be feeling fine and well rested. It was one of those beautiful June mornings, the orchard was fragrant, and the birds were full of song. Mother was free from household cares but not from our boys, and after we had been on the road a few days she might find it quite a problem to feed so many in camp, and keep them nice and clean as she had done at home.

We all seemed to be filled with gipsy blood this morning. It was cool, and there was a heavy dew, so that Mother had to get out her rubber boots, for the green grass in the orchard was growing fast. Soon the coffee was over and the fragrance was mingling with the odor of bacon and eggs, and how good things tasted in that beautiful orchard!

The packing up was soon done, and we were on our way again. Our trip through Oxford Valley to Philadelphia was wonderful and never to be forgotten. As



THE COAL MINES



we neared the city we drove on to a boulevard. There was a driveway on each side for trucks, with a centre driveway for autos, and the very centre and sides were filled with the most beautiful flowers and shrubbery. Then we came to a wonderful park, and just across the boulevard was a great Sears, Roebuck building with grounds laid out in keeping with the park. We stopped and visited this great house and bought some canvas water bags to use on the desert. Water stays very cool in these bags, and we had brought one to hang on the outside of each car so we could drink along the way by dropping in a small rubber hose and syphoning out any time we were thirsty. We were delayed here a whole hour, but we were out on this trip to see all we could, and we feel that the hour was well spent in that great house.

We were soon in the heart of the city, and rushing along at high speed with the rest. Mother had never seen such a jam of cars before driving along at fast speed, and she was a little fearful that we would lose our fenders, but we passed through without a scratch and made our first stop in front of the Ladies Home Journal building. Mother swears by that magazine, and insisted on visiting its home, and even we boys found much to interest us there. A wonderful picture, made of glass, alone was worth while to see.

We visited Independence Hall, and saw the cracked bell, and many other interesting things too numerous to mention. No doubt we could have remained in the city a month without seeing half that would have been of interest to us all, but we had a mailing station every thousand miles and must stick to the schedule or our boys would get no letters from the girls who had kissed them goodby only two days before. So we drove out of the city and ate our dinner. We just stood around the cars and fed our faces from the grub box, as we were still loaded down with good things from home, and we were soon off again.

We passed by acres and acres of rhubarb, and we could not imagine how so much rhubarb could ever be disposed of. Near Chester, Pennsylvania, we saw hundreds of oil tanks and factories for refining the oil. We passed through Delaware and were rushing towards Baltimore and Washington where we wished to camp for the night.

CHAPTER III

Washington, D. C.

IT was very beautiful country, and evidently very good for farming, for the corn was up about four inches high. Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland were new to us all, and it seemed so strange to see so many colored people. Also the color of the soil and the lay of the land all seemed so different from our New England states. It was not as beautiful, but all very interesting. We were traveling on the Lincoln Highway now, and how we did rush along. Six o'clock came, and we were still many miles from the Capital of our nation, where we wished to camp. We bought a couple of quarts of ice cream and some fruit, and Mother divided it up in our eight agate pans, and we fed our faces for the second time that day from our grub boxes.

We were getting into warmer climate and the ride was beautiful during the cool of the evening, with a most beautiful sunset to watch as we rushed along. We reached Washington just at dark, and located a fine big tourist camp only fifteen minutes' ride from the Capitol building. We registered and paid twenty-five cents for a camping place. We found it very hot and dirty here and we soon began to feel tired. We were really warm for the first time on our trip.

As we set up for the night we noticed a great variety of traveling houses and tents of all descriptions, just hundreds of them, and we soon discovered that

the Masons from all over the country had begun to arrive for their great convention. They were pouring into Washington by the thousands, by train and by auto, and the Capitol city was all in festive dress. As we drove in we had noticed many nice buildings so as soon as we were set up for the night we went out to explore, and we found nice shower baths and tubs for washing. We rushed back for soap and clean clothes, and were soon clean and refreshed after our long hurried trip, and ready for a good night's rest.

The next morning, June 2, we were up bright and early, and we were greatly surprised to see a city of tents, all laid out in streets and avenues. The Shriners had been arriving all night while we were peacefully slumbering. We made coffee and had a good substantial breakfast, for we intended to see as much of the Capitol city as we could in a short time. It was going to be a very hot day, and Mother had decided to stay in camp with our outfit and clean out the grub boxes and do the family washing. So off we went to see what we could by bus.

We drove around the city, visited the Bureau of Engraving and the Pan-American Union Building and part of the White House. We spent some time at the U. S. National Museum at the Capitol. Then we visited the Library of Congress. We rode up in the Washington Monument, which is 555 feet high. We saw the seaplane that crossed the Atlantic Ocean by night. It was very hot in Washington; we were not used to such intense heat, and we were glad that Mother was not with us. We noticed in the late afternoon that a bad looking storm was brewing, so

we hastened back to camp and to Mother. We found her taking in the washing which she had spread in the sunshine on the grass around our tents.

The storm was coming fast, and we must close our cars and get ready for some wind. Mother said it had been 112° in our car, so we decided that she too had seen some heat, as there were no trees in this park. The storm approached rapidly, and the wind blew down many of the tents around us. We were very glad that our own tent withstood the gale, for a deluge of rain followed and we were very hot and tired after our sightseeing trip, so we all rejoiced that we had a place to rest in. Mother had planned out a good supper, and after the awful tempest had passed we all got busy with cooking the supper. Then I stayed in camp while the boys took Mother out to see what they could by night.

The decorations for the Shriners were a sight worth seeing by night, and they also took her out to see Washington Monument, hoping to take her to the top but found it closed. On the ground around the monument, however, were many airplanes and seaplanes, some of the largest in the world, and Mother had a great time exploring them. She came back all excited about them. It was cooler after the storm and she had a wonderful time.

We broke camp early the next morning. The Shriners had been pouring into the city all day and night, and we were glad to get away from such a crowd. We drove Mother around the city some, to give her a chance to see more of our national capital. The highway out of the city was wonderfully decor-

ated with colored lights for many miles. The day was hot, but the decorations gave us all a festive feeling. The scenery was new to us all, as we traveled over the most rolling country we had ever seen. It was up hill and down hill, and there were high mountains around us. We were passing through beautiful country and the farms looked thrifty.

At Braddock Heights we stopped and ate our dinner. Then we passed Cumberland, Maryland. We were all in love with this interesting country, so different from our New England states, and it was already real summer down here. We were traveling up a steep woodsy hill, when we heard an awful noise, the ringing of bells and blowing of horns, and we saw a long string of cars coming. They were all numbered, and we counted sixty cars of Masons with their red caps, from California and the Far West. They had painted and decorated their cars in many colors, and as they drove by us they rang their bells and blew their horns and cheered us as our boys beat their drum and entered into the fun.

We kept driving until eight o'clock before we found a tourist camp. This was at Frostburg, Maryland. All day we had been passing coal mines, and this was a mining town, and we were told that a mine was right under our tent. This was a wonderfully nice camp, and everything was free. Maryland has natural gas, and there was a building fitted up with many gas plates for the tourists to cook by. There were electric lights, and tables and settees, and every comfort a tourist could wish for. As we were cooking our supper, we could hear the negroes playing their

banjos, and it sounded so sweet and restful as we sat around our camp. Such nice Southern people came to call on us, and seemed so interested in our family of boys. They thought it strange that none of them smoked. At last they bid us goodnight, and we were off to bed.

In the morning, we were all eager to get our breakfast over, and get packed up, so that we could visit the coal mine that was under our tent. The boys took their cameras and made pictures of the mouth of the mine and of the miners, and of the mule as he drew out a load of coal. Green grass was all around the mine, except where the mule drew his cart of coal to the freight train. We were surprised to see such a clean place, for we had expected to see piles of dirt everywhere.

Maryland was a beautiful state to travel in, and Mother had a feeling that we would not see anything quite so pretty and restful between there and the Coast; and I am not sure but that she was right.

All that day we were passing through West Virginia and Ohio, with coal mines and oil wells everywhere. It was a very interesting country to us all. When we got further into Ohio we soon saw quite a difference in the soil. It had grown darker, and the farms looked very thrifty. The hills had disappeared and there were very large fields of corn and grain, and great cattle pastures, and pastures for hogs and horses. In Ohio, we found many miles of brick pavement, and as we rushed along we began to feel that we were really getting into the Middle West. Our boys were getting restless for some real wild country,

but what used to be called the frontier is no longer in Ohio. I fear, indeed, that our boys will not find the wild and wooly West which they see in the movies.

As night drew near we found no tourist camp, so we stopped at a farm to make inquiries, and the farmer very kindly offered us his orchard for a camping place. He opened the gate and told us to drive right in and set up for the night anywhere we wished. So we did, and were soon busy with our supper and then off to bed. It was a great night for sleep, but during the wee small hours of the night Mother heard strange noises around the tent, and she began to shake me and whisper, "Dad! Dad! Are you sure the boys' tent is bug proof?" We sat up and listened, and sure enough, we seemed to be surrounded by animals. We heard our dishes rattle. We peeked out and by the bright moonlight we saw black pigs. They were everywhere, and one was devouring a cake of Ivorv soap. Mother said again: "Do you think the boys' tent is bug tight?" I laughed, as I looked at the number of black pigs around our tents, and decided I would crawl in and have a little fun with the boys. Then I discovered that their big knives and revolvers were laid out handy, and I decided I had better crawl out and return to Mother before there was a death in our family.

As we were on a farm, the boys thought they would like milk for breakfast. So, as soon as we heard things stirring in the barn, we took our big kettle over and soon returned with it full of milk. It was really quite a feast, and as we had no breakfast to cook, we got an early start for the state of Indiana.

CHAPTER IV.

Lost Out in Indiana

IT was a run of 200 miles to Richmond, where we found a nice free tourist camp. The trip through Ohio was very interesting; the soil looked dark and fertile, and the farmers were in the fields everywhere with their big strong horses. On June 6 we had been traveling just a week, an even thousand miles, and were rushing on towards Indianapolis, the capital city of Indiana. The roads were wonderful, and the day was perfect. The scenery was beautiful, for it was a great farming country. The farmers were out cultivating corn everywhere, and their wives and daughters were out in their gardens with their sunbonnets on, hoeing vegetables. Our boys found it great sport to beat their drum as we passed by.

We made a short stay in the capital city, and bought a few souvenirs to send back to our friends. We visited a Woolworth store, where we all purchased rah-rah caps of blue and orange. Then we were off for Greencastle to call on our good pastor, the Rev. McLean, who had left us in Greenfield to take up work in De Pauw University. When we found his house, our two cars drove up in front, and there we found him sitting on his piazza. He looked in amazement at the eight in khaki with the blue and orange caps on their heads, but he soon recognized the members of his Greenfield flock and rushed out to welcome us. What a joy it was to see this dear family again!

While we were there he told us about a very bad detour we would have to make, so when we tore ourselves away we tried to get started right, but during the afternoon we got on the wrong road and traveled for miles out of the way. However, the scenery was wonderful, and Mother really enjoyed the excitement of being lost. She thought she was a real gipsy out there on those Indiana hills! Suddenly the Essex car came to a stop, and would go no further without a drink of gas. We were getting low ourselves, and we had no idea how far we were from the precious juice, but we backed up and the boys had the fun of syphoning gas from our car into theirs. Mother enjoyed this, too, as she always enjoys things out of the ordinary if no one gets hurt or killed. After inquiring our way a few more times we reached the long looked for national trail, and gas just in time to save us a lot of trouble.

Our next stop was at Marshall, Illinois, and it was a wonderful camping place. It was seven o'clock when we pulled in, and we certainly were tired and hungry, after our strenuous drive of 172 miles and getting lost. The natives had been to supper, and quite a number of people turned out to visit us and watch us set up for the night and cook our supper. They reckoned this, and reckoned that, and reckoned by the looks of the apple trees they would have a right smart scattering of apples in the Fall. There was natural gas in this place, and plenty of hot and cold water and shower baths, so we dug into our duffle bags for clean clothes and enjoyed a nice bath. Mother found a fine place for washing here, so we

soon had the line out and helped with the family wash. Then we were off for bed.

It was a great night for sleeping, but a bad one for drying the clothes. However, we never wait for the washing to dry. Mother has a big white bag for the clean clothes, and in they go, wet or dry. Every night when we come into camp a black bag is hung over the radiator cap for the dirty clothes to be dropped in, and the line is put out for the clean clothes, so in time we get them dry. We have a system for everything. When we drive into camp we always place our cars in the same position. Then we unpack. There are three boys for each tent, who have their special work of setting up, and making beds, which takes about ten minutes. That leaves Mother and one boy to start the supper. After the tents are set up, the boys take the pails to fill with water, and by the time they return our supper is ready, for they think they must walk around among the campers and see how many pretty girls there are in the camp. I was young once myself and know all about it. When they return, Mother lays out the eight plates and divides up the mashed potato and meat; the bread is sliced, the coffee poured, and we all get busy. Mother washes the dishes while the boys take turns at wiping them, or rather they take turns at juggling them. This is the seventh day out, so they have become very proficient at it. The other campers all stand around and act as if they were at a real juggler's entertainment. Mother insists on my taking the boys up town every night to take a look at the natives, while she guards the outfit and cleans out the grub boxes.

washes up the dirty clothes and takes in the dry ones, and does the mending. A mother of six boys is always a busy woman, whether at home or in camp.

We hated to leave this camp, for we surely did enjoy that hot and cold water and those shower baths, and the people around us were so nice and friendly. But we had to keep moving, so we sent out our three long honks from the horn which brought the family together, and we were off for St. Louis, Missouri. The boys beat their drum and the campers waved their friendly goodbyes. Someone shouted, "Boys, take good care of the little mother," and the boys shouted back, "You bet we will."

CHAPTER V.

Missouri Mud

THE day was perfect and we had a wonderful road of miles and miles of cement, with now and then a rough detour. We passed through a wonderful farming district. The soil was black and the cornfields looked so green and thrifty and the wheat fields which had been so green were now turning to a golden shade. After a one hundred and seventy mile drive we reached St. Louis at about four thirty. We inquired for a camp site and were directed to Forest Park.

We found St. Louis quite a city, and in crossing the city we got into a negro settlement; a long street of fine brick houses on both sides, where we seemed to be the only white people on the street. We felt as if we were in bad, but Mother was greatly interested in all those beautiful homes of our colored brethren. We passed safely through, but there were certainly some mighty big important looking black gentlemen on that street.

We arrived at beautiful Forest Park, where the flowers and shrubbery were all in their glory. We were sent away off to one corner given over to tourists' camps, and here the beauty was gone. It was all bare ground with much mud in places, and trenches had been dug everywhere so the water could run away from the tents. The place was filled with muddy cars and wet muddy tents and tired looking people. Our boys piled out and disappeared into the

woods to look for a camping place. They returned with doleful faces but thought we could stand it for one night, so we drove in. There were so many trenches we did not go far and our systems were so very much upset we all had a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen; all but mother. She looked animated and was very curious about everything. We could not get our cars arranged conveniently for one tent, and there were no conveniences. It was so dirty around us we decided not to cook in such a place, so the boys went out and bought milk: we had bread and crackers. We hurriedly broke our fast and then went out to get acquainted with these forlorn tired looking people. They seemed to be all traveling toward the East, and all had dreadful stories to tell of the Missouri mud. They had been in dreadful rains, and had endured all kinds of hardships, and they certainly looked it. It made us drivers feel that we had better get back to camp and hit the hav, so as to get a good night's rest.

In the morning we made coffee and got breakfast over as soon as possible, then packed up and beat it. We were glad to get away from such a dismal place. We were soon out among the beautiful farms again, but we certainly had left our wonderful roads behind. We were getting all sorts of roads and were not making over twenty miles an hour. The tourists had told us that there was another bad rain coming and that if we did not get beyond those bad roads we would be stuck fast. Our cars were heavily loaded and we were feeling just a bit anxious with such heavy clouds hanging over us and we were going toward the

rain. We decided to buy a week's supply of provisions in case we should get stranded anywhere, and not to stop to eat or sleep until we found a state road that was good and solid. It began to rain, but we pushed along and were planning to travel all night.

About dark we came to the Missouri River. There was no bridge, only a sign board telling when a ferry took passengers and automobiles. The last trip for the night had been made, so we could not cross until seven in the morning. We looked at each other in dismay. It looked wild there and we decided we would be better off in a tourist camp. We turned around and went back a few miles to a camp. It was very dark and raining and we were very grateful to find some sheds where we could drive underneath.

We were half starved. It was Lester's twenty-first birthday and we had bought some cake, the first we had bought on our trip, and how good it did taste to us. Indeed everything tasted good. After we had satisfied our ravenous appetites we began to celebrate Lester's birthday, for he would never be twenty-one again. We had come into camp after dark and we feared the campers might have thought a bunch of rough necks had arrived. We all seemed to be full of the old nick. Our driving like fury over that rough road in the rain, and then finding no bridge, gave Mother the laughters, and we all seemed to have caught them. After celebrating Lester's birthday in a way which we think he will remember as long as he lives, our jolly bunch finally hit the hay at a late

hour, and we were soon in the land of nod.

We think Rockport camp was a good one, but we saw very little of it, as we came in late and left early. The next morning we made coffee and packed up and were off for the Missouri River again. Soon the ferry arrived and we were landed on the other side with our freight.

It was raining and by nine o'clock we were slipping in all directions. Our cars would turn right around with us, and there were deep ditches on both sides of the road. The boys took off their shoes and stockings and rolled up their khakis and Mother dug out her rubber boots. We were in the ditch and out of the ditch all day, and when one of us got stuck the other car would hitch on and pull the car out. We had made the rule that when one car was in trouble we were to blow the horn three times to call the other back to help out. The ruts were very deep, but if we jumped them we were apt to slide right along into the ditch.

Suddenly the Nash car jumped a rut, the hind end skidded across the road and the front wheels went over into a deep ravine, probably thirty-five feet deep. Eddie and Lester jumped. Mother was on her knees looking out the back window for chains as they pulled off in the adobe, for we had lost several and were now many miles from any more. Mother noticed the sudden stop and turned, then she too hustled out. She stepped to the bank and saw our perilous condition and rushed back, blew the horn three long blasts

and directed me to pile out before the bank gave way. It was the first time Mother had ever meddled with my driving and I was so surprised I really did get out in that soft adobe and took a look myself. The other car soon returned and hitched on behind. After some hard work we were on our way again, traveling about eight miles an hour.

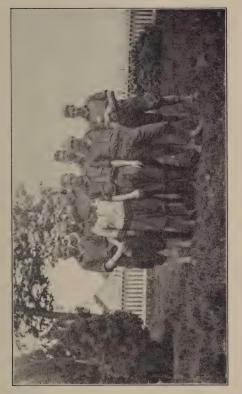
We wanted to reach Hamilton, Missouri, before Sunday. It was near this place that Mother and I had grown up together. Her father and my grandfather went west together years before we were born. In time we returned to Massachusetts where our relatives lived. After some years we met again, and how we did talk over the good old times when we were kids together in the middle west. Of course from that day to this there has been no other girl in the world for me but Mother. Now we were going back together to take a look at our old homes and the little Brown Jug school house where we had learned to read and spell and write. Mother's brother and sister were still farming out there and they had invited us and our boys to visit them. There was to be plenty of fried chicken and ice-cream and pie, and how we did want to get there by Sunday! We had been on the road for ten days and were really hankering for some home-made pie, but here we were stranded in this adobe mud and just creeping along in a pouring rain.

We had decided to go no further, but could find no place to get off the road on account of the deep ditches on both sides of us. After a while we saw a house on the top of a hill, so we pushed on, expecting every

minute to land upside down in one of those ditches. The boys went over to the house with their feet so loaded with adobe they could hardly take another step. They discovered it was an old empty church, and not locked. Mother was simply wild to think we could really have a roof over our heads during this awful downpour. We drove up as near as we could and each one loaded up with all he could carry and rushed for shelter. Here we decided we would stay until the mud dried up, for it was really dangerous to be on such roads with our heavily loaded cars.

We made our coffee and cooked a good dinner and felt like new again. After dinner we took places round the church and began to play ball and make plans for the night. We thought we were in great luck to find an empty church where we could all be together for a good time. We had loaded up with potatoes and bread and corned beef and ham and eggs and beans, and could stay a week if we had to.

Just then a young man burst open the door of our wonderful house. He was all mud and wet and looked as if he had been in all over. He said his wife and six weeks old baby and his mother were in the ditch. We rushed out, got our umbrellas, and tried to run down the hill, but every step we took we gathered more adobe until we had to dig off and try again. We got there in time and the young daddy took an umbrella and carried the baby up to the church to Mother. Then he came back and helped us get his wife and mother out of the car and into the adobe and pouring rain. It was no joke, but no one could help but laugh.



THE JOLLY EIGHT



In time we all reached the top of the hill and the shelter of the church, which was empty no more, for there sat Mother holding the little wet baby. The rain continued to come down in torrents for a time and then very fierce thunder and lightning set in, until it almost seemed as if the very elements were rent. Then the sun came out and a wonderful rainbow stretched across the sky. Our young man said he must reach Kansas City that night, so out we went again and dug up our shovels and down the hill again, leaving the church to Mother and her guests.

At last we dug out the car. They begged us to pack up and go with them, but we wanted to camp in that church and rest up, so they bid us goodbye. Still we could not get them out of our minds, so in an hour we loaded up again, followed them, and soon overtook them. We found him with engine trouble. We filled his radiator with water from our canvas bags and were all on our way once more.

But how we did wish we were back in that old empty church again. We just slipped and turned in all directions and could not stay anywhere. Then we came to a place where two cars were stuck in the mud ahead of us and we all came to a halt. A Ford and a Dodge were in all over. The boys rolled up their khakis a little higher and were off with their shovels. In time they got them out and fixed up a new road for us, and in we went, expecting to spend the night there. But we won out, and then the Essex took the plunge, and they too won out.

In a short time we were in Kansas City. We bought more eats there and drove on as far as Mayville,

Missouri, where we asked for a place to camp, for our chains were gone and it was raining again. We sat up for the night in the rain. The tribe all gathered in the big tent and we brought in the stove and started supper. The warmth from the stove and the fragrant coffee and the eats made us feel glad and thankful that we were all safe and sound and well housed for the night. We knew that we had been close to death's door more than once; we also knew that while one was holding onto the steering wheel and the rest were out in the rain and adobe, pulling and pushing, Mother was sitting on the back seat with a smile on her face and with eves wide open praying to our Heavenly Father. We knew that it was only by the mercy of God that we did not plunge down into the deep ravine.

There we decided to remain until dust flew. It rained all night. Mother enjoys a rainy night and the patter-patter on our canvas roof made us all sleep like logs. We did not hurry up in the morning, for it was Sunday and still raining and we knew there would be no dust that day. After a while we heard the boys getting up in the other tent and knew there would be no more sleeping in our tent when they arrived, so we got up and washed and put on our coffee.

We smothered potatoes with an onion and fried bacon and eggs and the odor soon brought all our family together under one roof. We thought of those fried chickens out on Mother's sister's farm. We were near, and yet so far.

We stayed in camp all day and Mother had a chance to hear lots of patter on our canvas roof. We ate and then slept some more, then someone ventured out for a Sunday paper. We read and slept and ate some more.

It was still raining on Monday morning, June twelfth, and the mud was deep around our tent. Mother thought we might be in a pig pen. We cooked our breakfast and then decided to beat it, for we felt that the dust would never fly around our tent where there was so much soft mud. So we packed up in the rain and were soon off for those fried chickens.

The boys took off their shoes and stockings and rolled up their khakis again. It was rain, mud, slush, paste, pudding, mush, porridge, dough, putty, slime, and just everything else. They pushed and pulled and shovelled. They used up all their energy, and and then all their slang, then they used words that they had not used for a long time. It took five hours to wade through twenty-two miles. It was still raining and we decided to travel all night or sleep in our cars. We never saw so much mud in all our lives.

It grew dark and we knew a strange road was dangerous for us to travel on. We came to a place where there were some bars instead of ditches. We turned in facing them and fell asleep. Mother said we snored something dreadful in both cars and that owls hooted all night, but at five, A.M., she looked rested and as lively as a half grown kitten.

We backed out and started on our way again. We were making about eight miles an hour when the sun came out, and how quickly the mud dried up!

CHAPTER VI

Mother's Birthplace

WE reached Hamilton, Missouri, at about two o'clock and we found a place for Mother to telephone to her sister. It had been many years since she had heard her voice. I saw tears come to her eyes and beat it for the car.

Within an hour we were eight miles out in the country, where those fried chickens were growing, but what a sight we were! The cars were loaded with adobe; the sun had come out and baked it on; there was adobe on everything in the cars; and we were quite moldy in places. Mother's good sister looked at us in amazement, and then laughed as she saw the adobe baked on the boys' legs and feet. She thought we all needed a bath, and possibly we did, yet Mother had done her best to keep us clean on the trip.

The wash tubs were carted to the barn and filled with water, and we put ourselves to soak. Mother was sent upstairs to a wash bowl and pitcher, but I always had my doubts whether she really got all that adobe off by washing in one pitcher of water.

After our baths we took a look at our cars and decided if we ever saw them again we should have to hurry up and remove the adobe before it baked any harder. We began to dig it off and at last they came to view again. We brought the wheelbarrow from the barn and filled it many times with adobe which we

carted out behind the barn. We thought we must have removed a ton from each car. We then set up our tents and made our beds for the night, for we had planned not to sleep in a house until we returned to Massachusets and our trip was finished.

The feed we had that night will never be forgotten. After supper we watched the feeding of the pigs and looked the farm over. Mother's sister lives alone on her farm, since her husband died some years ago. She has a young daughter in college, who had just arrived for the summer vacation. Her mother had turned the house work over to her daughter, Eleanor, while she looked after the farm work and stock. How that little slip of a girl did cook and bake and fry for us! Our boys thought they never had eaten such good things before in their lives.

As soon as the work was done, Eleanor took us all over to see Mother's brother, on a farm adjoining. We walked through corn fields and woods, while the boys got out their revolvers and did much shooting while passing through the woods. It was the first time they had had a chance to unload since we started. They said there were no deaths, but the noise sounded good to them.

We had a pleasant evening here and were invited over for dinner for the next day, and for four days these two families took turns at cooking up great Thanksgiving feasts for us.

The next day was the little lady's twenty-second birthday. She got out her "Henrietta" and invited the boys to go to town with her for ice, so they could help her celebrate her birthday by making ice-cream. Such wonderful ice-cream we never expect to have again.

The boys went quite daffy over the little lady, and so did we. The moon was full, and as we travelled back and forth through the corn and the woods to divide up our visits between the two families there was much murmuring going on between the boys and this young college girl. They went shooting through the woods and talked and laughed and sang songs through the cornfield, and then we all got together on the piazza in the beautiful moonlight and sang more songs until we said our goodnight and beat it for our tents.

The next day we had a great time washing and cleaning the adobe from our duffle bags and clothes and shoes, and believe me it was one busy forenoon. In the afternoon we had a big thunder shower with more rain. None of us felt that we needed it, but no doubt the crops on the farm did, for the road had become quite dusty.

We were invited over to the brother's for our supper and we travelled around the road. The rain had cleared away, but we knew the cornfield would be wet and we were all just a bit sensitive about getting that black soil on our clean shoes. There is nothing like it in Massachusetts, so there is no use trying to explain it; it is untellable; but we all know how it stuck to us. We visited the barns on this trip and soon our boys were trying out the horses. Up and down the road they pranced, trying their best to look like real cowpunchers.

After our delicious supper and jolly visit we returned by way of the road. The bright moonlight filled the boys with song and the little lady came out to meet us and invited us to the piazza for some more songs and pleasant talk and laughter. Then Mother began to shoo her tribe of boys off to the tents for bed. When the lights were out the boys kept saying, "And isn't she a wonder? What a corking wife she would make! She sure knows how to cook." They had all quite fallen in love with this little college girl, and indeed some of our boys were quite old enough to be thinking about matrimony, for Guy was twentysix and Herbert twenty-three and Arthur twenty-two and Eddie and Lester twenty-one and Ralphie would be twenty-one in a few days, when we should have triplets in our family.

The next day Mother and I were invited out to ride and left the little lady to look after our boys. She thought it might be some job, but as we drove away we thought she would be equal to the occasion. We visited the little white church and the cemetary where our dear dead lay buried; then we visited the homes of our childhood days, and called on a few people who had been neighbors and school children of our own age. This was a very interesting trip for Mother and me. As we were returning we passed the little old Brown Jug school house where I had received a good many thrashings.

This was our last night on the farm, and what a wonderful time we had on both the farms! We gathered again on the piazza in the bright moonlight and sang again with little Eleanor. We hated to tear our-

selves away, but we knew that we must hit the hay so we could get up early and pack up for the far West.

In the morning the brother came over with his family and the boys had a great time taking pictures, while the women folks filled our grub boxes with good things to eat along the way. Then we drew up our cars and the little lady took snap-shots of us. After many goodbyes had been said, our freight began to move once more and we were really off by ten A.M., for St. Joseph, Missouri, where we arrived in the early afternoon. These western cities were full of interesting sights for our boys as we passed through them.

CHAPTER VII

Kansas Jack-rabbits

SOON we were on our way again and over the line into Kansas. As we were passing through Hiawatha the Essex got a puncture and we came to a halt. We found it rather interesting to watch the people and the doings of the little town, which looked like a very wide-awake, up and coming place. As we had so many good things to eat we did not make much of a stop for dinner or for supper. We plugged right along until nine o'clock, when we entered a small town, called Axtell. We found a very nice tourist camp here. We had had a very dusty ride, so the boys all dug into their duffle bags for clean clothes and beat it for a bath. It certainly was a treat to find hot and cold water again.

After our baths we dolled up and went down town to visit with the natives and look the town over. When we returned we found Mother had done the family washing and retired for the night. We had another feed from the good things from the farm and then went to bed.

We had travelled one hundred and sixty-one miles over a very dusty road. It was very interesting all the way and was beginning to look more like the real west. The question was asked, which we enjoyed the most, mud or dust, and we all looked at each other with a smile. We were all feeling mighty fine with our baths and clean clothes and pleasant stroll about the town in the cool of the night air.

The next day was Sunday and we decided not to hurry. At home we always had griddle cakes on Sunday morning. Mother had promised us bacon and griddle cakes and coffee, and we had brought home a can of syrup. Mother would have liked to attend church along the way on this trip, but we felt hardly dressed for church, so we decided to keep the day by lying abed late and getting a little extra rest.

Sunday morning found Mother the first one up as usual, and she was beating those griddle cakes, so out we piled. Since it was Sunday we must all have a shave. The mirrors were brought out and fastened at various places on our tents and cars and even on Mother's clothes line, and then began the process of lathering up and stropping razors. The campers all around us seemed to be greatly interested in our affairs this morning, as we raved around with our razors. By the time we had got our faces back to their original shapes once more, Mother was ready with the griddle cakes. We all began to feed our faces and our neighbors still seemed to be greatly interested in this bunch in khaki.

We ate until there was no more. After the dishes were washed and well juggled by the boys, and the clothes taken off the line, we began to pack up. At this time a woman with a baby in her arms came over and shook hands with Mother and me. She said she had been so interested in our happy family of sons and she thought the parents of six such fine boys ought to be congratulated. She took Mother by the



PRAIRIE SCHOONER



hand again and said, "You are a very brave little woman to travel so far with such a big family." Our boys call us Dad and Mother, so she thought they were really our sons, and we never told her otherwise.

As we drove out of the camp all the other campers who had been so interested in the shaving and griddle cake eating gave us a good cheering, and the boys answered back by beating their drums. It was one of those bright perfect mornings in June. In Massachusetts it would have been Bunker Hill Day, but in Kansas it was just Sunday to us.

Soon the Essex had a soft tire and we came to a short halt. Then we were off again, but had not gone far when we saw a great snake near the road. We all hustled out, even Mother. We killed it, but believe me, there is not much on a Kansas prairie for killing a big snake and I am not sure but that it died of fright more than from the injuries it received. We were off again and soon had another puncture and another short stop. Mother enjoyed these little recesses, for the boys all gathered round her for a jolly talk. Mother enjoys everything; she always did from a child. I have never seen anybody quite like Mother in all the years I have been married to her.

At this time the boys invited Mother to ride in the Essex car, while Ralphie came back in the Nash. Soon there was another snake. This one was shot, and what a thrill the boys got out of it! As we were starting again we saw the long ears of a jack-rabbit, which was sitting not far away, taking in the excitement of the snake killing. Out we all jumped again with our pops for that long eared jack. Eddie was

the lucky fellow to get him. He took him to Mother to see and then clipped off his long ears with his big knife and smilingly laid them away in his note book. We were off again with eyes wide open, saw another snake, but were driving too fast to stop, so left him to enjoy the prairie.

Kansas is quite a state. The view really fascinated us. The eastern part of the state is good farming land and every house has its wind-mill. Beyond this came some very strange looking country; we called it badlands. The boys took several pictures of it. Then we came to real prairie; not a tree to be seen; there were great corn and wheat fields as far as the eye could reach.

Soon we discovered that the Essex was traveling at a terrific speed. They had their cut-out open and were blowing their horn and making an ungodly noise and the dust was thick. We stepped on the juice and tore through the country after them. We got near enough to see that they were really in danger, for it looked as if they were only hitting two wheels at a time and might go over any minute. We gave our car more gas and plunged on. My blood was boiling, for Mother was in that car. At last the Essex slacked up. We drove up by its side and they stopped and we piled out to see what had happened. Guy was at the wheel and Mother by his side. His rah rah cap was gone and Mother's was hanging to her flying hair. The rest had theirs in their hands, and all had red, excited faces, but eyes sparkling with the very mischief. They informed us that a jackrabbit was racing ahead of them and they were trying to find out how much gas he could stand. Mother piped up, "And you ought to have seen him thump the ground and kick the dust. We chased him until he shot across the road and the fun was over." Mother had enjoyed the race and was so excited that she never knew they were going at a dangerous speed.

We were off again, when the Essex had another soft tire. How thankful we were that it did not happen when they were chasing that jack-rabbit. Our next stop was another large snake, and out we all piled, but it was so close to a wheat field that it disappeared. Our boys were for rushing in with their guns, but I was fearful for them and said, "Boys, leave him for the harvesters." So back to the cars we went, and were off once more. It was not long before we saw more jack-rabbits and were jumping a barbed wire fence. We did lots of shooting and there were several deaths. We brought our trophies home by the ears for Mother to see, the big knives were used again, and all the long ears were carefully clipped and saved by our boys. When the last ear was clipped, Mother said, "Now get into the cars quickly; you all must be hell bent to make such a noise as this on Sunday." Sure enough it was Sunday, but so much had happened since we had eaten those Sunday morning griddle cakes it seemed several days ago. Mother's father was a good old deacon, and she had had a pious bringing up, but I fear she will never be quite the same again after chasing that jack-rabbit on Sunday: in fact, we think she too is just a little hell bent with the rest of us.

We found a tourist camp away out on these prair-

ies. We never knew where it was. We set up for the night, cooked our supper, and talked over the events of the day, finally falling asleep shooting snakes and jack-rabbits.

In the morning we were off for just such another day. While we were cleaning and oiling our rifles and revolvers and sharpening up the big knives, Mother and Arthur were putting on quite a breakfast of coffee, smothered potatoes and onions, and ham and eggs. As we were eating our breakfast Mother and I told the boys how the prairie schooners used to pass our homes in the middle west, when we were children together. They drove across in great covered wagons, with all sorts of things tied to the outside, and many times extra horses and a cow or two and a box of live fowls hitched on behind. The family would be huddled together inside. For weeks they travelled like this through an unsettled country to the far west to take up a homestead. They had no tents for rainy days in those times, but just built a fire by their covered wagon to cook by and keep the wolves away at night. Now we were wondering whether we might be passing the homes of those same people who went out so many years ago in their schooner wagons, and whether it were those same people who had endured so many hardships who are making such splendid tourist camps for the automobile parties of today. Ever since we left St. Louis every town seemed to have a beautiful camp site, with every comfort a tourist sould possibly wish for. Even here, away out in the wheat and corn belt we found a nice tourist camp. How grateful we ought to be to the people of the

covered wagon days who are giving us such fine protection.

As we were packing up, Mother informed her tribe that the grub bag was getting empty, so we all dropped in two dollars apiece. This was one way of sharing the expense alike. Mother took care of the grub bag. Each car had a gas bag and when it got low we all dropped in five dollars for the expense of the cars:—gas, oil, repairs, and tires. This did away with book-keeping. We each had three hundred dollars in ten dollar traveling checks which could be cashed at a store or a gas station, which is much better than trying to hunt up a bank. We carried very little money with us on account of hold-ups.

At last we were off, with Mother right on tiptoe for another big day. No one enjoyed this shooting and ear clipping any more than Mother did. We were going to try to make two hundred miles to Goodland, Kansas, which was our second mailing station. It had been a long time since we had heard from home and our boys were getting restless for some letters to read along the way.

As we travelled along, cactus and sagebrush appeared by the roadside, and soon a new animal appeared, which proved to be the prairie dog. This made a new sport for the boys, but not as attractive a one as shooting jack-rabbits. They were after those long ears to send back east to their girls, and as we bought our provisions every scrap of paper was carefully preserved.

There was much shooting all day. A hawk was shot, and another time they went off for what they

thought was an eagle, but which proved to be a great owl. It was such a handsome big fellow the boys would have given any thing if they could have mounted it, but the day was too hot to preserve it, so we had to leave it behind.

Since we had had so many shooting spells that we were not covering as many miles as we had hoped to, we cut out our hunting after dinner and stepped on the juice all the afternoon. We seemed to be travelling toward a heavy storm. As we rushed along we found Kansas a very interesting state. Mother thought some of the scenery almost as pretty as Maryland. First there were thrifty farms like Missouri, then came a belt of poor land with now and then a mud house, then came the great western prairie, as far as the eye could see, and now and then a great herd of cattle or horses.

These great fields of corn and wheat and prairie land continued far into Colorado. It was new to us all and fascinated us, but no one thought it quite so beautiful as our New England hills and trees and brooks. We drove mile after mile through this country. We found the western states very large, yet it never grew monotonous, for there was always something to shoot which was enjoyed by all.

As we reached Goodland the rain was almost upon us. We rushed for the post-office and all returned to the cars loaded with letters. It began to sprinkle, but we soon found the tourist camp. Mother turned over her grub bag to one of the boys to hustle for a market and buy food for our supper and breakfast. We had had a big day and were laying our plans for steak and mashed potatoes.

The big black cloud had swept over the town and the rain was coming. How we did hustle to get set up! We made it just in time, when the wind was let loose with thunder and lightning. Tents blew down and some tore up and rushed for a garage; others almost went wild with fright. It began to sprinkle great drops of water. The boy with the eats and the boys with the pails of water reached shelter just in time. We all hustled for the big tent and had just reached it when down came the rain in torrents. We had to dig out our rubber coats and get out and dig a trench around our tent.

We started our supper expecting every minute that our tent would leave us. The boys began to read their letters and our anxiety calmed down a little. The potatoes were soon cooked and when the steak began to fry we almost turned into cannibals. Each one had helped himself to the mashed potatoes and was reaching out his plate for a piece of meat. Some took it in their hands and tore it off with their teeth; others got out their big knives. Peals of laughter went up to meet the pounding of the rain and hail, and we wondered whether the other campers could hear the merriment from our tent. We put on the dish water and when it was hot the dish washing and juggling went on just the same.

Then came the sharing of letters and the news from home. For hours the rain poured down upon our tent, and during those hours many letters were written and many little packages containing the ears of jackrabbits were done up for the eastern mail. It was an awful rain and we felt so thankful that we had got set up before the deluge came, for we were tired and hungry after our two hundred mile drive.

We went to bed with the rain still pattering on our tents, but when we woke up in the morning the clouds had cleared away and the sun was shining. It looked like another perfect June day. Everything was fresh and clean after its awful beating and washing. Some of the campers had not been as comfortable and happy and dry as we had been. We visited around among the campers for a while, until we heard Mother's last call for breakfast, when we returned to camp. Our tent was still wet, but after the dishes and juggling had been done we packed up and were off.

CHAPTER VIII

Denver, Colorado

WE were soon in that state of Colorado. We stopped at Limon and sent out our mail and bought milk. We had Kellogg's cornflakes and milk for our dinner. There had been more or less shooting all day. We had been hoping to camp in Denver that night, a distance of two hundred and twenty-four miles, but we did so much shooting that we did not arrive before nine o'clock. We were all so tired we did not cook. Mother said she just wanted a slice of bread and butter and an ice-cream cone, and to tumble into bed. So we all followed her example, but not to bed, for there was too much to see here.

When we registered at the park gate and they showed us where to camp we were surprised to find a city of campers. They told us that eight hundred cars were registered there and that there was a still larger camping park on the other side of the city. As we looked the place over we saw all kinds of cars and traveling wagons, and autos were pouring into the park all the time. We decided to give Mother a good night's rest and lie abed in the morning and take our time at looking Denver over.

When we got up in the morning we looked out and soon saw that campers had been arriving all night. While we were washing up Mother had her eye on a big pile of blankets and quilts. She said they moved,

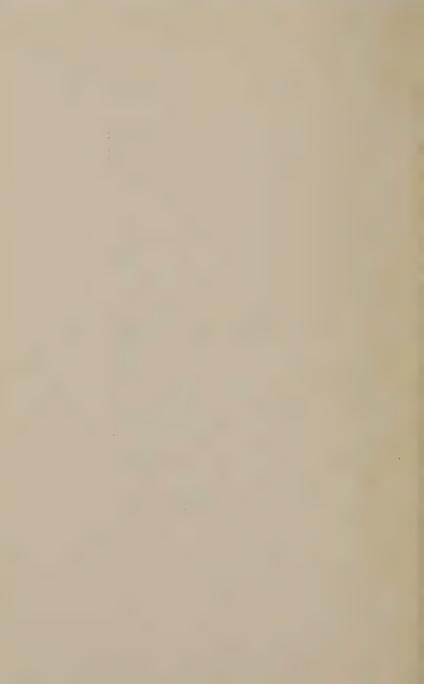
and so they did. We cooked a good hearty meal and while we were at the process the quilts kept moving! After a while they rose completely and a smiling man appeared before us. He said good morning to us and told us he had come in so late he was too tired to set up and just rolled up on the ground and finished out the night. So as last Mother's curiosity was satisfied and she felt better, with the rest of us.

We soon began to pack up and as we rolled up our tent we found it had red spots of mildew all over it and we knew the day before had been too hot for our wet tent. By nine o'clock we were packed up and off to see the city of Denver. We were all well rested and feeling quite hilarious after having three days at shooting up things.

Mother thought she looked and felt too much like a real gypsy to stop long in the city of Denver. She was in love with this kind of life and felt badly when we told her that three weeks of our trip had vanished. It had disappeared like magic to us all. The three weeks in the sun and wind had given us all a good coat of tan and all were putting on weight. This gypsy life was agreeing with us, and Mother was sure she never could return to housework again. We were soon at the capitol building, and the boys with cameras all got busy. As we drove around the city we decided it was the best city we had visited since we started out. Mother had great admiration for the beautiful parks and green lawns. The houses were almost all of brick, which made it seem different from the places we had visited. Denver looked like a very



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wealthy city as well as a beautiful one. We decided that we would visit Denver again some day. The more we drove around the better we liked the place. After a while we decided to visit the stores and buy some souvenirs. A cowbov passed us with a big hat and a red handkerchief around his neck, whereupon they all decided to buy western hats and discard their blue and orange rah rah caps which they had purchased in the capitol city of Indiana. We repaired to a hat store and a hundred dollars was soon shot. Next came the large red bandannas. Lester looked quite like Tom Mix. Mother had to have a big hat too. She was only five feet tall, but she looked like a movie star to us. Our hats were of various colors so that we could tell them apart. We returned to our cars and dolled up in the big bandannas, then we looked at each other and decided we had better move along before we drew a crowd. We were all feeling our oats and it was days before we could really look at each other without a peal of laughter. Mother was all hat. We had stumped each other to wear the big hats until we returned home, and Mother was game to the last.

We were soon on the road again, for we must make Colorado Springs that night, a run of eighty-five miles. As we started off the boys shouted back to each other, "'Pike's Peak or bust.'" We seemed to be going toward a storm and it looked like a bad one. It soon struck us in the face, and we never will forget the fierceness of that storm as long as we live. It tore the tops off from some twenty cars, and soon the top of the Essex went. The boys held on to it; it was

the most laughable sight we had seen for many a day. It was the worst storm we ever saw. The wind came with such fierceness and the rain came down in torrents.

We were out among the Rocky Mountains now, and we could see an awful storm further off that looked like blinding snow. There was wonderful scenery all along this eighty-five mile drive. I never saw so many curious sights. On top of some of the mountains we saw what looked like a great castle, but when we drew nearer it turned out to be a great barren rock. We saw many of these great freaky rocks on the tops of the mountains, and some of them were wonderful to look at.

We were sorry when the tempest struck us on this beautiful trip to Colorado Springs. The rain slacked up for a time as we drove into the city. We bought our eats for supper and breakfast and asked for a camp site. We were directed to a beautiful free camping park on Prospect Lake, at the foot of Pike's Peak. We had been looking at the peak all day and we were all restless to stand on the tip top of it. We set up for the night and started our supper, when down came the rain in torrents again—and believe me. we were a busy bunch for a few minutes. The stove was hustled into the tent, we were all grabbing at everything, and the water began to rush across under our tent. Our duffle bags were piled on top of our cots while the boys dug the trench and turned the water away. Then we laid our strip of oilcloth and sorted out things, while Mother went on with the cooking.

There were eight of us in that tent, beside the eight great hats which we had purchased in Denver that forenoon. As Mother sat there by the stove on her knees all we could see of her was that great hat, and such peals of laughter went forth from that tent as the rain came down in torrents. We surely were a very picturesque sight, as we ate our supper with our red bandannas around our necks and the big hats pushed back a little from our foreheads.

It rained and poured, and all the time it was raining it was snowing on top of Pike's Peak. We decided to retire early, for we must get up early for our trip up the mountains. We took off our great sombrero hats, but found no place to hang them, so put them back on again and had another good laugh. Then we piled them all on top of Mother and her hat. She walked to the corner of the tent, where stood our duffle bags, took them off and laid them on top; which was not so bad after all.

CHAPTER IX

Pike's Peak

THE next morning it cleared off about sunrise and when we went down to the lake to wash up we saw a sight never to be forgotten. The clouds had rolled away to the foot of the mountain and lay there like great piles of snow, while above them it was clear and all bright sunshine. It was a most wonderful sight.

We hurried up our breakfast and packed up and were on our way. We took our cars to a garage to have the crank cases washed and filled with new oil and the top of the Essex repaired. We hired a bus for our tribe, and another hundred was shot.

We were off for the Summit House, the highest building in America, and the highest automobile ride in the world. It was a wonderful road, winding round and round up the side of the mountain. It was also a fearful ride as we looked down, down, ever so far. After a while we came to snow and ice and were very cold, even with all our wraps on. Up and up we went. The boys started some songs, and how good they sounded. We were about three hours going up, and such a jolly bunch I am sure never went up Pike's Peak before. We had all dolled up in our big red bandannas and sombrero hats and we could not look at each other without laughing. We must have amused the bus driver very much.

When we arrived at the top we all went for the snow and had a good snow balling in June. The

altitude was so high Mother found it hard to breathe and had to lie down a few times, and some of the boys had to move rather slowly. We stayed as long as we wished and then looked up our bus driver. It was another thing coming down and we were thankful that we did not take the trip in our cars as some folks did. Mother said her sombrero rose right up with her hair at times as she looked over into such dangerous looking deep places. Just a little slip of a few inches would have sent us to the bottom in many places. It was a wonderful sight up there and we were all glad we took the trip and had such a perfect day after that fearful tempest.

The bus took us to the garage, and we were off again, this time to see the Garden of the Gods and the Cliff Dwellers. Mother and I had seen pictures and read many interesting articles about these things, which we wanted to see for ourselves. As we drove into the Garden of the Gods, Mother threw up her hands and exclaimed, "O ye gods!" and well she might, for there before us was the strangest sight. The soil and rocks were of a dark yellow hue, and before us stood many yellow gods, towering up some twenty or thirty feet high. There must have been an awful erosion from fierce storms for many years that washed away the sand and dust and rock, while these high thin rocks had survived and stood there like great totem posts. It was a very curious sight and our boys had a great time taking pictures of these tempest washed gods of Colorado.

Mother would have liked to camp there for the night and explore further, for she could not satisfy her curiosity about these strange, weird looking gods, but we had planned to camp at Manitou and we had to move on and visit the homes of the Cliff Dwellers.

These were a strange sight for the boys as well as for Mother. We all had a great time exploring the cliffs, of which we visited several. They were filled with little rooms for very little people. There was old pottery, so very crude, and there were chairs made out of stone, and places which looked as if they had buried the dead there. We visited several cliffs, and how the boys enjoyed the exploring! Mother wondered if these little dwarf people could be the ancestors of our Indians. We had a very interesting day as well as a busy one, and we were glad to set up for the night and cook our supper before retiring for a good night's rest.

The next morning we visited more cliffs, which towered high above us on both sides, and there were little openings where the little dwarfs had built their houses many centuries ago. Near here, we visited the cave of the winds. We traveled through chamber after chamber for almost a mile. There was a wonderful formation of coral and crystal, too marvelous to describe. There were long crystals hanging down from the tops of the caves, there were places that looked like snow-white shredded cocoanut, and there were places with pink coral that looked like carrots. There was every conceivable design, only I have not the language to tell about it. Mother was wild with delight over every cave she passed through, and our guide told us that these mountains are full of such caves. This one had been wired for electricity, and

fixed up for the tourists to visit. Some of the passages were only large enough for a person to crawl through. It was all a most marvelous sight to us all.

There was much to see around Manitou. We drove down into deep canyons winding through the rocks, with just space enough for a car to pass, and with the cliffs on each side hundreds of feet above us. We took a trip up to Mayo Peak. We wound around the mountain road for miles, and then we began to climb and make short curves. It was a one way road and very narrow. When we had gone as high as we could with our cars, we left Mother to guard our outfit while we took our binoculars and hustled to the tiptop. It was a wonderful sight. As we looked across the canyon to the top of the other mountains we could see Colorado Springs, Colorado City, and Manitou. We were told that it cost half a million to build the road to Pike's Peak, and now we were wondering what it cost to build this road to an altitude of ten thousand feet. The road seemed to be just dug out of the side of the mountain and was very narrow with no railing. As we went down the mountain on the other side, many of the sharp curves were too short and we had to back and wiggle around or be in danger of going down the mountain with a plunge. It is true that this world is fearfully and wonderfully made. Before we reached the bottom of the other side of the mountain we wondered whether it was right for man to build such a beautiful yet treacherous road over this picturesque mountain.

CHAPTER X

Cripple Creek and Victor

Cheyenne Canyon was a marvelous sight. There was such a strange formation of rocks up, up, hundreds of feet. On we went through this wonderful country, expecting to camp at Cripple Creek. It was a wonderful sight; the hills as far as the eye could see were completely covered with holes where people had dug for gold. Miles and miles of land were completely dug over. People must have gone gold-mad.

As we entered Cripple Creek, it looked forsaken. There were vacant stores and houses with broken windows everywhere. None of us liked the looks of the place for a camp site, so we drove on to Victor, and all the way the country had been dug over. It was all just dry dirt and rock with no green grass anywhere. All the time we were circling around Pike's Peak at an altitude of nine thousand, nine hundred feet, so it was just possible that nothing could grow there. Between Cripple Creek and Victor we thought we saw some active mines.

As we drove into Victor we decided it looked fully as wild as Cripple Creek. It also had vacant stores and houses and looked God-forsaken. It was getting late and we hardly knew what to do. We decided to stop and leave Mother with the outfit while we looked the place over and bought our eats. Mother had no revolver, but just before we left for the west she was presented with a loaded policeman's club. As we

started off we noticed that she had her right hand on it, so as we bought our eats we decided we had better move on with Mother, or there might be a death or so in Victor before morning. There was a good moon so we decided to keep moving.

When we returned with our eats we found a man visiting with Mother. Her club lay across her lap and she was rolling it up and down with both hands while visiting with the man, who looked as if he might be a miner. He had seen our Massachusetts number plates and had stepped over to tell Mother that he too was from Massachusetts and was educated in Boston. He seemed like a fine fellow, so we told him our troubles and plans for the night. He said the road out of Victor was a very dangerous one and we must not think of traveling it by night. We told him we had been looking for a camping place for some time. He said they had no tourist camp, but thought we could set up for the night on a vacant lot where they played ball.

He went with us and visited while we set up for the night. He looked at Mother and smiled and said, "Little woman, you will be just as safe here in this little mining town as anywhere. If anyone was ever caught troubling our tourists they would be tarred and feathered and rode out of town on a rail." Mother still had her club hanging to her arm. He may have thought that we all looked just a bit wild in our big sombreros and red bandannas and holsters for the big knives and revolvers. He looked and acted as if he were greatly interested in us. As he went away he said he would return after supper

and bring some of his mining specimens to show us. Sure enough he did return and spent the evening with us. He was young and fine and educated and was an officer in the army, and as we visited with him we thought what a fine officer he must have been. As he bid us goodnight he said he would call again in the morning if we were up. Mother had already retired for the night with her policeman's billy laid out by her side, but had been eagerly listening to all that Robert E. Roberts had to say, and now she was wondering why this fine, educated young man was burying himself in such a place as this.

In the morning we were all up and stirring early, so as to see our visitor again. This time he came in mining clothes, carrying a dinner pail. This fine, cultured young man seemed lonely to us, and he acted as if it had done him good just to see some one from his state. His visit with us had done us all good and we thought of him for days. He bid us goodbye and went on to his mine, and we were soon off for Pueblo, to travel over that dangerous road.

Before we had gone far we came to a gold mine which our boys were anxious to look over, so we left Mother with the outfit and went out to the mine. We went into it for a mile with one of the guides; then we came to elevators where they were bringing up the ore and loading it into carts, drawn by mules on a track to the opening, where the ore was piled up. There it was sorted by men and sent to the crushers, where the gold was taken out. We wanted to go down the elevators, but they said so many tourists came they had to give up taking them any further.

We asked Robert E. Roberts to give us a little history of this treacherous road. He said years ago, when the mining boom was on at Cripple Creek and Victor, the railroad built the road. It cost them a million dollars and was paid for in just ninety days. When the gold rush was over it was of no more use, and now they had taken up the rails and made an automobile road out of it. As we travelled on it we felt we were on very treacherous ground. It was very narrow, scarcely wide enough for two cars, there were no railings, and in many places the road was very high and caving away, both sides being almost straight down for many feet. We were obliged to pass many cars and we rather expected to hear some screams from Mother, as she sat there on the brink and saw sand and pebbles roll down the sides as we passed along. But we found Mother a good sport. She never screamed or fussed over anything. However as our Massachusetts friend was telling us how unsafe the road was, we noticed that Mother got out her duffle bag and sewed some tape on her big hat to tie it under her chin. When coming down Pike's Peak she said her hair stood on end and raised up her sombrero. She evidently intended to keep it down on this trip.

From this road we drove into Phantom Canyon. Some places the road was dug out of the side of the mountain, and the other side dropped down for hundreds of feet. Mother called it the eternity side, and we saw places where automobiles had gone down to their eternity, for it could be nothing but death to

anyone who was unfortunate enough to go over and down.

Phantom Canvon was a most wonderful sight. With majestic red rocks towering high above us, it was certainly magnificent scenery. It was twenty miles through it. Sometimes the road clung to the side of the mountain and then again we were away down at the bottom. To look back and up, up, was wonderful and to look ahead and up, up, was wonderful. After a while we came to a place where the road was completely washed away and just single planks were laid down across streams of water. We drove across, expecting that any minute the wheels would slip off and land us in the water, but both cars made it safely, as no doubt many others before us had done. We never had seen bridges made in that way before. Planks evidently were very scarce in Phantom Canyon.

When we came out of this wonderful canyon we entered a desert of white sand and cactus and sagebrush. We travelled for many miles on this desert and far ahead of us we could see the city of Pueblo. We all marvelled to find a city away out in the desert. It was a very strange sight, and how good Pueblo did look to us after our long ride through the white sand. Here was water and green grass and trees. Mother marvelled how the white sand responded with green grass and flowers and trees from a drink of water.

We found a wonderful camping park here, all green grass and trees. There was a real city of campers here. Almost everybody we meet away out



OIL WELL



here on these trails across the continent is a camper like ourselves. Everybody waves as we pass, for there is such a friendly feeling toward all tourists. Everybody is dressed in khaki and everybody is so interested in where you are from and where you are going. The natives gather around us as soon as we stop and tell us that they too are from the east, and they are eager to ask questions and find out if we are from their part of the east. If we are, they are so eager to talk and ask questions. We often ask them why they stay in this strange land, and often they reply that they came out with a sick boy and stay because it is healthy here.

We enjoyed our camp in Pueblo very much. In the morning we were off for New Mexico. We passed through the city and came out again onto the white sand, with its sprinkling of cactus and sage brush. It was not as scenic as Phantom Canyon, but the desert had a wonderful fascination for Mother. The little prairie dogs popped up all along the road and looked so cunning, and many cactus were in bloom. The soil was very poor around here and very dry. We expected to see many cattle and horses, but we only saw a few small herds with two or three cowboys on horses. Still they made our boys sit up and take notice, and some of them began to bend their hats to look like the cowboys'.

CHAPTER XI

New Mexico

WHEN we reached New Mexico the soil seemed better and mountains began to loom ahead of us and we saw what looked like thousands of head of cattle. We passed through many strange little towns of small low houses made of mud and hay. They looked very dismal on the outside, but we were told that they were papered and fixed up really nicely inside.

We passed through village after village of these little adobe huts, occupied by very dark people. Night was approaching and we had traveled two hundred and forty-three miles, yet we hated to stop for the night among these strange, dark people. As we were passing through a place called Wagon Mound, we saw a nice looking white man. We came to a halt and asked him if there was a camping place within a few miles. He said, "Oh, yes, we have a very good tourist camp here," and he told us where to drive. Then we asked him why he lived in this God forsaken country. He told us that he came out to this country over forty years ago, almost gone with consumption. He got well and just stayed on, but he did not know why a well person should stay there. As we passed on Mother wondered why a fine old man like that should remain there among those little mud houses and dark people, with no grass nor flowers nor one thing beautiful to rest his eves upon.

When we reached the tourist camp we found that

many other tourists had already set up for the night, so then we did not feel strange any more, for we soon met some very nice people who were on their way to California, the same as ourselves. We had a most interesting time in this camp. Some of our tourist neighbors had musical instruments with them and gave us a fine concert as we cooked our supper and put out our line, washed, and hung out clothes.

Mother loved the big open desert; it fascinated her. Everything interested her out here. There was a mountain on either side of this quaint little village of adobe houses, and on each mountain was a great mound which looked like a big load of hay on the very top. The mountains out this way have so many strange looking things on top of them; our boys took many pictures around this place. Wagon Mound was a queer name for a place, but it was well named from these unique mountains.

The next morning everyone was busy with breakfast and taking in washings and packing up, like ourselves, talking and visiting with each other. We met some very fine people in these tourist camps. One after another moved on, until we were the last campers left. It was Sunday morning again and we did not hurry up.

As we went on our way again we drove through a very strange rocky mass on both sides of us. It looked like melted rock, so we decided there must have been a live volcano once upon a time through this part of the country.

While at Wagon Mound we saw some scales and drove on and got weighed. The Nash weighed 4580

pounds and the Essex 3690 pounds. We were rather heavy, but we had every comfort with us, for either hot or cold weather.

The altitude was very high through this country and had affected us all more or less. There seemed to be lots of nails strewn along our path today, for both cars had punctures. Mother enjoyed them, because it gave her a chance to explore the desert. She found many wonderful flowers where you wouldn't think anything could possibly grow. She looked and looked at them and said, "They are simply exquisite," and she wished she could stay a month there and press flowers to send back to Massachusetts. It certainly was marvelous that such beauty could be found in so dry a land.

We reached Las Vegas in time to buy eats for dinner. It looked like a very attractive city. We drove out of the city to prepare our dinner and were surprised by a shower of rain, a real drenching downpour. As we drove on the country looked better.

Mother had been right on tiptoe ever since we crossed the line into New Mexico. She had seen more in this state than in all the rest of the states put together. The desert, the mountains, the adobe houses, and dark people, the cactus, and desert flowers, were all new to her and she liked it.

Now we were coming into a still different country. There was a little evergreen tree, just a little gnarly shrub, but it was green. The soil was of a red color and the natives made their houses of it.

We found the road under construction after we left Las Vegas, and we had an awful afternoon. We

had to detour out among these little green trees, among the cactus and sage brush, and Mother had a chance to see many varieties of cactus in bloom. There must have been frightful cloudbursts in this part of the country, for there were deep ravines everywhere and all the bridges were gone. Such dips as we did take, and then up, up. Three times we thought we surely were going over. It was a fearful ride, yet Mother enjoyed the excitement of it. All the same, I have a feeling that her hair rose up quite a few times during the afternoon, though she had her big hat tied down so tightly we never knew how she was taking some of the most dangerous places.

The mountains were very picturesque here; most of them were flat on top, and the sides were red, yellow, and white, with the little green shrub dotted here and there. Mother never lost interest in looking for the little red adobe houses. We thought that many of these dark people were Indians. The cows were different out here, also the horses, and there were many little burros, and everywhere baby colts. There was very little corn or wheat through this section. It looked like a dry country except for the awful washouts which appeared to have been caused by cloudbursts. In one place we saw several hundred goats guarded by a faithful dog. There were many baby goats and we stopped for a time to watch them take their teat. It surely was laughable to see them put so much pep into it.

Our next stop for the night was to be Santa Fe, the capitol city. After many plunges down across places where bridges were gone, with much rocking and tip-

ping and slewing around in all directions and bounding and jouncing up hill and down, our trip through Raton Pass came to an end. It was scenic, but almighty rough for us who were driving.

Still all seemed to be in good spirits when we arrived in Santa Fe at a late hour. There were several tourist camps here, at various prices. One of the boys came back and asked which place we preferred to camp in. We all said in the place where there were the best shower baths, for we were covered with the red dust of Raton Pass and must shake it off before we retired for the night.

Santa Fe was different from the other cities. It looked Mexican and Indian, for most of the buildings were made of adobe. Its appearance was grand. There were some large handsome buildings, very unique in style. There were many gypsies near here, so we were glad to have the protection of a tourist camp.

We decided to remain in the capitol city during the forenoon while we fixed up our tires and relined our brakes and washed our dirty clothes and gave the boys a chance to look the place over and take some pictures of the old town.

After dinner we were off again, feeling that the forenoon was well spent. The boys bought souvenirs to send out to their friends and had an all round good time.

We started out into a desert again, but there were mountains on all sides of us and after awhile we began to climb one, a real twelve percent grade. It was a very picturesque country, as we wound around up that mountain and down on the other side. We wound around curve after curve. It was very steep, with not a sign of a railing, and in one place we saw where an automobile had taken its fatal jump down, the side of the mountain. It certainly was a wicked road, but Mother sat on the eternity side with her big hat tied tightly under her chin and seemed to be just thrilled with the wonderful view around us. If Mother felt shaky in her shoes we never knew it.

From here on we passed many Indian and Mexican villages, which were always most picturesque and interesting to Mother. After some hours we came to the quite up-to-date city of Albuquerque. There was even one skyscraper there. It seemed so strange to see a city like this, away out here on the desert. Many people used to come to this place for lung trouble.

We went forth into the desert again for miles and miles of sage brush and cactus and prairie dogs, and then we came to little adobe villages of the Mexicans and Indians, village after village, away out here in this dried up desert. Mother was constantly wondering how they lived. She could not even understand how the little prairie dogs lived.

After a while we came to the Rio Grande River, and as we followed it, it was a very strange sight. On one side it was all green grass, trees, and gardens; on the other side it was all yellow desert. We followed along on the green side for miles, then we crossed over to the desert side, and on, and on we went.

Then we came to some foothills and there we saw

many cattle. The sun set here and the mountains turned purple and lavender. It was one of the finest sunsets we ever saw. Then we began to climb the mountains and wind and wind around, up and up, and then down on the other side, with such fearful sharp curves, and down and down. Darkness overtook us on these awful roads, but we dared not camp in such a wild country. The moon was full and we came to the Rio Grande River again, and as we crossed that long bridge how the water did ripple and sparkle in that bright moonlight. Mother was enraptured by it all, but she did not like the dark coming on. She was so afraid she would miss seeing something.

We were now on the green side of the river, and there were many adobe houses and real woods. Then we found ourselves in darkness. It was down hill and very hard to pick our way. We noticed Mother had her billy club in her lap, but on we went, for we were anxious to reach Socorro, our next mailing station. This was our third place, and all were anxious for letters from home. We had traveled over three thousand miles from home and loved ones, and we had been on our way almost a month.

At last, a little after nine, we reached the little dark town, tired and dirty and half starved. We asked for a camping place and were directed to a vacant lot surrounded by adobe houses and an adobe church. The ground was baked so hard we had to try all over the place to find where we could drive in our stakes. We got set up at last. There were no other campers here and we felt a bit anxious, but the moon was full and there was Mother still

holding her billy club, and we decided not much would occur while she was on duty.

We found water nearby and got busy. There was a wonderful moon and it was a balmy night in June. After the eats we were as good as new and no end of fun was brewing among our boys. It was such a weird looking place, none of us felt sleepy, but at last we got quieted down. All had their weapons handy, including Mother.

We slept like logs all night and when we woke up in the morning we found three long, lank black dogs in our tent. They looked as if they had been there all night. As we looked at each other there was peal after peal of laughter. A strong wind had come up in the night and covered us and all our possessions with red dust. We were all red people. We were simply a sight.

The boys beat it for the post-office as soon as they could, and we soon had piles and piles of letters. How we did read and talk and visit. We were the happiest bunch on earth, even though we were in camp surrounded by adobe houses and dark people.

After a while we discovered that a man in khaki uniform was keeping close tabs on us. We decided that our big hats and red bandannas had made people a little suspicious of such a bunch of boys in khaki, so we cut down our hilarity and pulled up stakes and packed up, and were soon on our way again. This time for the state of Arizona.

The day was perfect and we were all feeling fine after our letters from home. All the forenoon we were driving through the Blue Canyon. It was some grade and some plunge down, if we should take two or three inches out of the way.

We were soon facing another great desert, just as vellow and barren as it could be, as we looked across it, but as we drove along there were beautiful flowers along by the road. They almost resembled our purple and white and blue and white primroses. Mother felt pretty badly to let such exquisite beauty go by. We hardly dared to have her gather them for fear they might be poisonous. It was marvelous to see such beautiful flowers in a place so dry and barren of everything else. We traveled one hundred and sixty-two miles without seeing a thing under cultivation. Once in a while we saw a mud house and occasionally a wind-mill. We saw cattle and horses scattered along the desert and once in a while a flock of sheep or goats, but we could not imagine what they found to eat, and yet the cattle looked well fed.

Sometimes we traveled for miles without seeing a living thing, and still New Mexico was a very interesting state to pass through by automobile. It is really the only way to travel. We had seen more during these four weeks by automobile than we could have seen in a year by train. Mother loved the state of New Mexico and hated to leave it, but into Arizona we must go.

We found a very nice camping ground at Springerville. The water was good and cool here and we met some very fine people. We did the family washing and got well cleaned up from our red powder of the night before. The nights were cool thus far, and we all slept so soundly anybody could have robbed us of all our possessions if they wanted to.

In the morning we cooked our breakfast, planned our dinner, took in our washing, packed up, and were off for the desert again. There was alkali on this desert and we passed several dead cattle. We passed a bunch of cattle out in the hot sun, and in the shadow of every standing cow was one lying down. We thought the cattle were very kind to one another.

As we traveled across the desert country there was never a time that we were out of sight of the mountains, and many times we passed around strange rocky hills and even quite large mountains. This morning we saw one that looked like a lava volcano. We saw no smoke, but there were great rocks thrown out on the side and much lava rock all around on the ground. We all got out and went up to look in the crater. There was a hole, but it was pretty well filled up. Mother decided it might have been active in Noah's day.

All day we saw these strange volcanic looking mountains and there was lava rock all over the desert in this locality. It was really very picturesque country through which we were traveling, even though it was a desert land.

As we were rushing along we saw green ahead of us and came to a place called St. John's. Here was irrigation. No one can guess how good that green did look to us. There were green trees and wheat and corn and flowers. Mother wondered if all the desert could have a drink of water would it respond with fertile growth and beauty like the country around St John's. It was simply wonderful how

beautiful that bit of green looked, away out there in the desert.

We hated to leave that refreshing spot, but we must push on toward the Petrified Forest. We reached this in the early afternoon. There were no trees standing, but there were hundreds of trees lying down, and no end of stumps, all petrified and of many beautiful colors. There were acres and acres of these fallen trees and many of them were several feet through. It was a wonderful sight to us and we enjoyed exploring and gathering up souvenirs, though they were so heavy we could not carry away more than just a little of it. There were so many beautiful pieces we hardly knew which to take. There was a ranger there with glasses, to see that no one destroyed the beauty of the place or carried away too much.

We were soon off again and out in the desert, on our way to the Grand Canyon. We camped for the night at Winslow, where we found every convenience;—shower baths, toilets, and tables and ovens, good places for cooking and washing.

There were attractive stores at Winslow filled with Indian relics, baskets, rugs, and blankets. Mother bought a blanket for her souvenir of the west. We saw many things which we should have liked to buy, but had very little room for such things in our car.

CHAPTER XII

Grand Canyon

THE next morning we were really off for the wonderful Grand Canvon. This was the one thing that Mother was more anxious to see than anything else. She was going to explore it all the way to the very botton and wash her feet in the mighty Colorado River. Mother had had trouble with her breathing on Pike's Peak and we all knew it would never do for her to go down into that canyon. We were all anxious and troubled as to how we were ever going to keep Mother out of that canyon. When Mother was a wee child she had a way with folks of getting what she wanted and of doing what she wanted to do, and she has always been quite inclined to have the last word. For four years she had been talking about exploring the Grand Canyon and now she was only a few miles from it. Her face was animated and her body was all athrill with the georgeous sights she hoped to see. We were fearful that seven men would be unable to keep her from washing her feet in the mighty Colorado.

As we left Winslow we drove out into a very barren desert. The day before we had seen cattle, both dead and alive, but today nothing living was in sight, not even a prairie dog. The prairie dogs had given the boys constant amusement, for there were millions of them in the desert. At Winslow they had laid in a

new supply of bullets, and now there was nothing to shoot.

During the day we visited Walnut Canyon, where there were more homes of the ancient cliff dwellers. The canyon was very deep and very high, and away up on both sides the little dwarfs had made their homes in the cliffs. It was a wonderful sight. We traveled over a very rough road most of the day and we saw many cast-off tires, and even some broken springs. The roads had been very rough ever since we left St. Louis.

After we left Walnut Canyon we left much of the desert behind and came into some timber land. There was a saw-mill and some quite large logs, but the ground was still barren. Before we reached the canyon, however, we saw some flowers in the woods.

After a drive of one hundred and sixty-three miles our trip to the canvon was ended. It was almost dark. The camping park was a pine forest. The ground was barren and as far as the eye could see there were tents. It was a city of tents. We were met by a ranger who sealed all our firearms and showed us where to set up for the night. When we stepped from the car we landed in deep dust. So many tourists kept going and coming that the earth was ground to a powder. We hated dreadfully to unpack and lay our tent out in that dirt. Our white tent was never white again. It was a dreadful place to take children, and they were there, by the thousands, we thought, by the sound of the screaming. Poor kiddies, they had to strap them to their cots. or sit and hold them. We never saw so many dirty

people in our lives, but it could not be helped. As long as we camped there we were covered with dirt and everything we had was covered with dirt. We met very interesting people all around us, and they too were dirty.

We made our plans to go down into the canyon. We planned to stay in camp several days. There was a large party going down at eight o'clock in the morning on mules, and later in the afternoon there was a party going to walk down and return in the cool of the morning. Mother decided to walk. Four of us joined the mule party. Guy, Herbert, and Lester, and myself, while Eddie, Arthur, and Ralphie remained with Mother. They all came over to see us off and down the steep trail. The trail was just wide enough for one of those little sure footed beasts to travel single. It was a very dangerous trip and almost impossible to keep from going over the heads of our little donkeys. It was fearfully hot and some bled at the nose and ears. We were two or three hours going down. It was even hotter after we got down there. We spent about three hours there by the swift Colorado and ate our dinner where there was some nice cool spring water. We were more than thankful that Mother was not down there. It was a glorious sight, but there was the scorching hot ride back, and we had to hang on or we should have slipped off.

On and on up the steep side we wound our way. About a mile from the top we met a party on foot coming down—and there were Mother and the boys. She had won out. She had her umbrella, lunch, and canteen, and the billy club hanging to her belt. Her big hat was pushed back and she looked like the happiest person in the world, for she was really on her way for the mighty Colorado. But we all knew she must go no further. Herbert was on the last donkey and he slipped off and brought Mother back. How he did it, we never knew, but some men folks have a more winning way with a woman than others do.

The government owns the park and the canyon and rangers passed through the camping park every hour. The boys were pretty sore when they sealed their shooters, for they had planned to have a great time shooting in the canyon.

We knew Mother must have been greatly disappointed not to have a chance to wash her feet in the Colorado, so we all tried to show her as much as we could. We put our things in the tent and took her out to ride around the rim. There was much to see at sunrise and sunset. Since Mother had heard of people who had gone down and had to be brought back when overcome with the heat, we thought she felt reconciled to her fate and was glad she was well and happy to enjoy the various views we saw from the rim of this great ditch.

On July second we packed up and were off to the desert again. The ranger broke the seals on our rifles and revolver as we passed out. Our next stopping place was Kingman, Arizona, where we had another mailing station, and we were all eager as ever to hear from home. Our friends were wonderfully good about writing to us. We did not arrive in time

to get our mail that night, so we had to wait until morning. After breakfast we were off again, all busy talking over the news from home in our dear New England states.

Mother was bewitched with this desert life; she loved the scenic mountains and hills, the vast smooth level of desert as far as the eye could see, the cattle wandering about, the little prairie dogs, the canyons everywhere, the wonderful desert flowers; but she thought she would not care to live there.

We were off for Needles when we left Kingman. We went right out into a canyon, and the flowers and everything were very different. We could hardly imagine such a change. There was a great variety of cactus, there were great tall bushes that looked like a bundle of long snakes switching around, and and there was the yucca, and a new kind of desert plant that looked like a palm or a century plant. There were tufts of leaves with a long stalk running up a beautiful plume, and there were other flowers which we had not seen before. This canvon was strange. We drove down into it and then drove around the side of the mountain with fearful abysses on the other side. There were several automobiles at the bottom, where they had turned a few inches out of the way. The mountains looked like volcanoes, with a rough mass of stone at the top, and the sides as smooth as if they had been swept. There had been no canyons rich in colors like the Grand Canyon.

In the afternoon we crossed the Colorado River into California. There was a narrow strip of green on both sides of the river. We passed through a great

gold mining place. It was very interesting to us, but how hot those little huts looked down there in the canyon and on the sides of the mountains. It almost seemed as if people must be gold mad to live in such a frightful hot place. The desert was growing hotter and hotter. It was one hundred and twenty-eight degrees in our cars. It almost seemed as if we were driving by a hot fire. We hung up blankets on the sunny side and were expecting our tires to blow any minute, for they had seen many miles of bad roads, and the sides of the road were strewn with tires for miles and miles.

We reached Needles about four o'clock. For a long distance we saw that green spot ahead of us, a great grove of trees which the Santa Fe railroad had set out some ten years ago. There was a nice spring there and a man remained there all the time to give out water. Here we cooked our supper and rested until six o'clock, and then we took our plunge into the great Mojave Desert, to travel three hundred and thirty-six miles by night. Mother did not think much of traveling across that desert by night, for she wanted to see it, but the heat would have been intense by day.

That little grove of green trees was filled with tourists, and we all started out at about the same time, but our two cars were the only two which went across; the rest jacked up for the night along the road as they got too sleepy to drive further. We made a drop of four thousand feet by morning. It was a very rough road, over sand dunes and sharp dips, down into all sorts of places, and narrow curves

around hills and mountains. As morning drew near we began to grow cold and had to open up our duffle bags for our heavy wraps.

About six in the morning we reached Barstow and filled our cars with gas and had some hot coffee and a bite to eat. Then we drove through the Tefon Pass to San Bernardino, a very beautiful place of palms and pepper trees.

From here we went to Riverside to camp and spend the Fourth of July. There was a rodeo there, which is a western name for a eastern carnival. There were cowboys and pony and steer riding. We left Mother with the outfit to make up her lost sleep while we went to the rodeo. We paid a dollar fifty apiece and had quite an exciting time. When we returned we found Mother had finished her nap and taken a bath and done the family washing, and was all ready for the fireworks.

They had a wonderful camping place here. There were sheds for the cars, and gas and water and shelves for each car. We met many fine people here and we had a very enjoyable time together during the fireworks.

After a good night's rest, we were off for the beautiful city of Pasadena. It was a wonderful ride by many orange groves and roses and palms. Our boys were thrilled with it. Mother and I had visited California before, so it was not new to us, but nevertheless we thrilled with the beauty of it all.

Pasadena was a very wealthy city and was as beautiful as money and climate and water could make it. We bought our eats for dinner here and drove out to a shady place for our picnic lunch. It seemed good to see trees again and not have to joke about a bit of shade. How we enjoyed the oranges. We had oranges to eat and orange juice by the glass. We saw very few Massachusetts cars out here, and as people noticed our Massachusetts number plates they were quite apt to wave and say, "Hello, Mass." If we stopped there were always people who gathered around our cars and seemed so glad to see someone from the east.

After our dinner we were off for Los Angeles. It had been a most interesting ride, as well as beautiful, but it did not fascinate Mother as much as the desert did. The dry, hot sand of the desert had dried up our wheels so badly that we drove to a garage to get them fixed a little.

While we were waiting there, Mr. Howard of Greenfield, Massachusetts, passed us. He had gone out only three weeks ahead of us. We all let out some awful war whoops which made him sit up and take notice. When he saw us he got out of his car and came over to shake hands with us. Then he took us to his studio and out to his home. How good it did seem to see folks we had known! They insisted on our coming the next night for supper and camping in their back yard.

From here we went to Long Beach to camp for the night. We passed great oil fields where were what looked like thousands of oil wells. We reached camp very late that night and found no one to show us where to set up. We saw a water pipe and faucet sticking up out of the ground and decided to set up

near it. As we backed around we sank to the bed of the car in sand and stuck fast. We decided to camp right there for the night. The other car came up near us and we set up.

The next morning we all took a swim in the Pacific Ocean, and such a good time as our boys did have! We had really reached the coast and were celebrating the event by a good swim in the ocean that washed it.

Then we returned to Los Angeles, to hunt up Albert E. Smith, one of our boys who had gone out some time before for his health. We found him feeling fine and looking so nifty in his white flannels. He invited us all up to his bachelor's quarters, where he entertained us quite royally.

Then we went out to the Howard's to fulfill our promise to them. Such a feed as they did put on for us and our boys! We had lived the gypsy life so long it really seemed strange to enter an elegant dining room and sit down to immaculate linen, shining silver, and delicate china, and a loaded table that actually groaned with every good thing a bunch of boys could wish for. Their kindness could never be forgotten as long as we live. They entertained us beautifully during the evening, and then we retired to the back yard and set up our tents, and like the Psalmist, laid ourselves down in perfect peace to sleep.

The free camping parks which are so beautifully provided for the tourist are very fine indeed, but it did seem good to Mother to be in the backyard of the home of these dear people, far away from the tents and the hundreds of others in khaki. Her billy

club was not even taken into the tent that night. In the morning we bid our kind friends goodby, and were on our way again.

Los Angeles was a much bigger city than we had expected to see. When Mother and I had visited it a few years before, it was beautiful with its palms and roses and fruit, and was very quiet and restful, but now it a rush for your life! It was simply one big jam; people tore and rushed along as fast as gas and electricity could make their motors go. All the pedestrians had a strained look on their faces, as they too rushed along. The city looked prosperous, and as though it might be having a real Western boom, and bent on making every New Englander buy. No matter how we rushed along with the stream, our Massachusetts car was spotted, and everybody gave us a glad welcome.

Our next mailing station was San Diego, and it was a most beautiful ride there. We were constantly passing orange and apricot orchards and walnut groves, and there were hedges of roses along the way. In the afternoon we came to the shore road, and it was wonderful to ride along by the deep blue sea of the great Pacific.

California has irrigation, and everywhere this desert land is given a drink, orchards and fields respond with the most luxuriant growth. Flowers are everywhere, and hedges of roses of all colors. Mother saw her favorite yellow roses, blossoming in profusion again and again. She had tried to coax them to live through the New England climate, but had failed. Southern California has an almost perfect climate,

and is the home of the orange, rose, palm, and smilax. Our delicate fuchsias grow out there like trees.

We reached San Diego about five o'clock, and made a rush for the postoffice, all trying to get there first. We were still all wearing our big hats and red bandannas around our necks, and we looked rather picturesque, so that many people stopped to take a second look at our boys. When they saw their happy brown faces under those great hats, they would often come over and speak to us, and Mother was told many times that she must be a very proud woman to be the mother of such a fine bunch of boys. Indeed we received many congratulations as we passed through the country.

We found a wonderful camping park at San Diego, with all the conveniences. There were even electric washing machines and sewing machines. People were very thoughtful for the tourist. We were always surprised to find so many tourists in these parks. There were acres and acres of auto tents in all directions, and it was easy to get lost and hunt a long time before we found our own car and tents. There were quite a few cars traveling to the same places we were, and we often went out to look up these friendly people; then the first thing we knew we would be completely lost. There were some pretty girls in some of these autos, and when our boys were absent too long we knew they were either lost or in love. Then we kept blowing our horn three times until the lost, strayed, or stolen returned to us.

In the morning we packed up and were off again. As we drove around the city, it looked so quiet and restful that we decided it must be the home of the aged and retired. It was really a most beautiful city, and Mother and I declared we would return to this place in our old age, enjoy the climate, which is neither hot nor cold, and grow yellow roses.

Our tires were getting thin, we had traveled so many miles on bad roads, and we were a long ways from home and might at any time be having blowouts and spoiling our tubes, so we drove into a garage where they made us a good allowance for our old tires and a very reasonable price for new ones. We made the deal, and drove out feeling that we had nothing to worry about as to tires for a while.



TIJUANA MEXICO



CHAPTER XIII

Tijuana, Mexico, and the Catalina Islands

MOTHER had been to Mexico, and she felt that our trip would not be quite complete unless we took our boys out of the United States. So off we started for Mexico. Mother loved the desert, and was always happy when we faced South. We landed in the wicked city of Tijuana, with hundreds of other cars. It looked as if everybody was headed for Mexico. Mother had warned us that it was easy to get in, but not so easy to get out.

We drove our cars to the border line, and left Mother on guard while we got a permit to leave the United States and enter a foreign country. We did not find it so easy to get in, for they made us leave all our rifles and revolvers and bullets. The boys were pretty sore about that, but we were told that the Mexicans would never let such a load of guns as we had enter the country, so we gave them up. Mother thought we would never get our camping outfit over the line either, but it was such a bother to unload, and some thought it would not be molested, so in we drove to Mexico.

Tijuana looked wild. There were plenty of big hats there. And Mother decided that she had better stay with the outfit. As we found a place to park our cars we noticed that her billy club lay across her knees. Mother's billy club was quite a joke among our boys, and as we wandered off to see the sights of Tijuana we wondered if Mother would really be

brave enough to use that club on any thing or anybody. But we decided that Mother was such a gentle woman no one would ever think of troubling her.

We had seen Tijuana in the movies, and we were quite surprised to find things even worse than the pictures had shown them to be. There were saloons and gambling joints everywhere. Our boys took a few pictures of the place to carry away with them, and as we returned to our cars, Mother said we looked quite like a bunch of Mexicans ourselves in our big hats and khaki. We did not care to tarry long, and decided the sooner we got back to the United States the better. As we piled into the cars, some one said; "Mother, I fear we will never be quite the same again." But she was glad they had had a chance to go into Mexico. Then she said; "Now get out if you can." We were soon met by officers who took off our tents and went through everything we had. Such a sight as we were as things lay out there on the side of the road, and how people smiled as they passed our cars. But every car was searched, and we saw some bottles taken out, so we concluded that this long line of cars had gone down there for booze, and that we were the only tourists with a camp outfit. The officers gave up their search after a while, and we had the job of packing up again, but it was all so amusing that our boys did not mind it at all.

As we crossed the border again, our firearms were returned to us, and believe me, we were all glad to see them again. As we started off, we noticed that Mother had been sitting on her billy club during all

this process of being searched and getting back to the United States.

We were now off for San Diego again, to visit Mt. Hope Cemetery, for Mother's parents and oldest sister had been laid to rest there. Mother's brother and sister had bought the old home in the Middle West some years ago, and her father and stepmother and another sister had gone to California to enjoy a milder climate. They had located at Pacific Beach, and for several years had raised their own oranges and lemons and various other kinds of fruit. They had their garden and flowers, and water, and Mother and I had visited them there, and had spent many happy days in their Southern home. We had enjoyed their fruit and flowers; we also had enjoyed hunting and fishing; and we spent many happy days along the beach, gathering shells as the waves came rolling in. We had met their friends, and worshipped in their little church. Those were happy days, never to be forgotten. It had been fifteen years since that visit, and much had happened since then. Father and mother and sister had all passed on. They had departed without a relative near them, kind friends had tenderly laid them away, and settled up the estate. Mother had received many comforting letters of sympathy, and had tried to thank them by letter for their loving kindness to her and her dear dead, but she had a great desire to return and visit their graves and take those dear people by the hand and see the dear old home again and the little church by its side.

As we reached the cemetery we saw that it was a very large one. We drove about a little and concluded

we might as well look for a needle in a haystack. We saw someone and inquired for the caretaker, and he said he had noticed the Towne lot only the day before and would drive us right to it in a very few minutes. So off we started and the boys took several pictures of the monument and headstones.

Then we drove into the city and bought two days supplies, and drove out to Pacific Beach, where we expected to remain two nights, to give Mother a chance to visit the kind people who had laid her dear ones away.

As we drove into Pacific Beach we called on the Reverend Mr. Clark, who was pastor when Mother and I had last visited in California. Mother got out and went to the door, looking very much like a movie star in her knickers, big hat, and red bandanna. It had been fifteen years, but they knew her, even in this wild west dress. They gave us a royal welcome and begged us to stay to supper, but when we told them of our big family of boys and our plans to camp by the ocean blue, where we had spent so many happy days together, they let us go, and said they would make plans for us to meet as many of their friends as possible the next day.

We filled our desert water bags with water and drove out by the ocean to cook and eat and sleep. We all lay abed that morning and lost out on our breakfast. We went into the ocean and had a good swim and frolic, then we cooked our dinner, and by one o'clock Mother and I were off to make our calls. It seemed good to see so many of those dear people again. The last place they took us to was the little

church where we had all worked and worshipped together, and there was a new memorial window in memory of our dear dead.

The next day we had another dip in the ocean and made a few more calls, and then we were on our way again, well loaded down with good things to eat from these fine people. As we said our goodbyes at Pacific Beach, Mother said, "And now we are headed for home." In a way we were, but the biggest part of our trip was still ahead of us.

Our next stop was at La Jolla, just a few miles from Pacific Beach. Here were some very wonderful sights—caves and many other things which Mother and I had visited many years ago and thought it well worth while for the boys to explore. All day we traveled by splendid orange orchards, just loaded with golden fruit. We saw many acres of sweet potatoes. The rest of the country seemed to be golden with oats. There is nothing raised out here unless it is irrigated. We found the climate rather cold after our travels

We drove as far as Long Beach. Here we planned to remain for a couple of nights, so that the boys could take an ocean voyage to the Catalina Islands. We found a much better camping place this time, from the soft sand, and still with water right by the car. Mother was going to stay with the outfit. She did some hustling to get us all dolled up and off for the bus in time to get the boat. It was a beautiful day on the ocean and some of the boys had never been on a boat before, so it was really quite an event.

through the hot desert for so long a time.

When we reached the islands we found many amuse-

ments similar to Coney Island. It was a great day for us all. We went down in a glass bottomed boat to see the flowers of the sea. The water was so clear we could see many feet down. Next we tried out the air, then out in a speed boat. The boys bought souvenirs to send home to their girls and took many pictures for Mother to see.

We all returned home to Mother quite excited and half starved, and found Mother had had a big day too and had fully as much to tell as we. She had done up the work and then started the family washing. Many friendly people saw our Massachusetts number plates and came to call on her. Most of them had lived in Massachusetts and still had uncles and aunts and cousins living in various towns near us. One man called who had been out there for four years: he had lived in Pittsfield. She told him that she had been through there many times, and that she had a husband and six boys who had gone for the day to the Catalina Islands. He was so pleased to see someone from Massachusetts that he went away and brought her two big fat apple pies. As we came into camp half starved, they were the first things we set our eyes on, and believe me, they disappeared before those hungry boys like magic. They kept saving, "O boy, O boy, Mother." While visiting with her many callers, Mother had cleaned all our grub boxes and had repacked the duffle bags, finding a place for the many souvenirs which had been accumulating along the way. The washing was dry, and she had done the family mending and many other odd jobs,

and had had an interesting time visiting with her various callers.

We all went out to see the oil wells, which were quite a curiosity to us, as well as a grand sight by night, when they were all lit up. A high hill was simply covered with these wells, and one of the wells had broken loose and was throwing up oil and gas and water and stones so high we hardly knew how high it could be. Some said it might blow up the whole hill, for it really did seem quite like a volcano, and the boys had a great time taking pictures of it.

From here we left for Hollywood. The drive was a very interesting one. It was strange to see some lawns nice and green, and then perhaps the next one would be just white sand. Some people use the water for irrigation and some do not. The palms amused Mother. They had various ways of trimming them by letting the leaves fall down and trimming them just so they looked as if they had petticoats on. All the trees are very different out here. The pepper tree is really a beautiful thing. There are great rubber trees with leaves just like our rubber plants in the east, and here the olive trees grow. When Mother and I used to go to picnics everybody used to carry a big can of ripe olives, put in a weak brine, and we have never cared for green ones since.

CHAPTER XIV

Hollywood

THE boys were all excited as we drove into Hollywood. They got out their cameras and were off to snap a movie star. It was a very interesting place to drive around in, as everything smacked of wealth. The homes were beautiful and such costly automobiles we had never seen before. The people were richly dressed. Not even here could we stop the car without a crowd gathering around both cars. These people were so glad to see and visit with people from their native state, but none of them seemed to care to return. One person said he would rather be a lamp post out here than be a millionaire in the east. Another said he would rather be a bum under an orange tree than a millionaire in the east. It is the climate. not the beauty of the country. Of course this country is new and very interesting to us, but it is not beautiful like our New England green hills and brooks.

As we drove out of Hollywood we came to a place where they were putting on the movie of "The Covered Wagon" and we all decided we would go to see that movie when it was finished and sent out to the movie houses. It was really quite a sight to see the Indians, the wigwams, and covered wagons fixed up as Mother and I had seen them pass our homes in the middle west when children.

We soon came to the Teyon Pass and drove over the Teyon Mountains. It was the finest road of cement we were ever on, also the most winding road. It just curved and curved to the very top of the mountain. We drove thirty miles, a rise of four thousand feet, and believe me, it looked like a long way to the bottom of the canyon. We saw one car at the bottom, and saw a place where we thought there had been some bad accidents. The mountains were bare on one side; the other was dotted with greasewood, and the ground was so yellow it looked as if a leopard skin had been spread over the whole mountain. It was a grand sight up there on top of the mountain, but it was a fearful abyss to look down to the bottom of the canyon.

We camped up here on the mountain. There was a house and a gas station, and they let us drive in back and set up for the night. How we all enjoyed being by ourselves and away from the thousands of campers. We bought four loaves of home-made bread here, and how nice it did taste to us.

The next morning we were up with the birds and were off to finish our mountain road. It was a grand sight as down, down we went. At the bottom we came out on a great yellow desert, and for seventeen miles we drove on a straight cement road. There were all kinds of trees on both sides. They had been set out. We were curious to know what kept them alive and got out and investigated and found a pipe and just a drip of water going down to the roots.

We soon saw a very large herd of cattle and some ten real cowpunchers looking after them, and later on we passed a great herd of horses. On the last part of our trip we came into great wheat and oat fields, as far as the eye could see. We had seen nothing under cultivation without irrigation since we left Kansas, but there were wonderful crops when the land was given a drink of water. Soon we saw the harvesters in the fields. They had a big machine drawn by many horses; we counted twenty-eight at one time. They were hitched to one of those big machines that cut off just the heads of the grain, and as it passed along, cut and threshed the grain and bagged it up.

We had to stop here and look this process over, on account of Mother's curiosity. Mother has never had good eyesight, but believe me, her curiosity is equal to forty eyes, and no one saw more than she did on the trip. The bags are dropped along behind this big harvester. Then they hitch about four long wagons together, and cover them with boards; the whole affair is drawn by ten or twelve horses, and follows the harvester to pick up the bags of grain, which are then carried to great storage houses built along the railroad. It was really very interesting for our boys to see this in operation.

We had left our wonderful cement road behind, and the driving was rough. After seventeen miles of straight cement road we were spoiled for a road like this, but we were coming into very interesting country, for here was irrigation and wonderful land for crops in this almost hot climate. We were now on the way to the Yosemite Valley. We were planning to stop at Bakersfield and buy food for our dinner and supper, and when we reached there the Essex car did not show up, so we went ahead and did the buying—

and still they did not show up. We waited two hours, and still no Essex! We did not know which way to go, so we left it to Mother. Fresno, a city some miles on ahead, was our next mailing station, and Mother decided that they might have come in on a different road and, not finding us, they might have rushed on to Fresno. It was more interesting to go on than to go back, and as we had not been on any fearfully dangerous roads since we had left the Tejon mountains, we felt they were safe. So we stepped on the gas and tore through the country towards Fresno.

It was the first time we had been separated, and it gave us all a queer restless and anxious feeling. It was very hot and growing hotter. Mother had our box of eats on her lap, holding them with care as we drove over the rough roads. Suddenly we heard an awful crash, as if some one had thrown a bushel of tin cans at us. We stopped the car as soon as we could and turned around, and there sat one of the boys with eyes and mouth wide open, staring at Mother—and there sat Mother with melted butter on both of her knees, and away back by the side of the road were our eats. We had laid in a new supply of cream for our coffee, and the little cans had rattled together as Mother heaved the box out of the car. It certainly was laughable, as we saw the butter running down her stockings. We drove back and gathered up the unmeltable things. We decided that Mother had butter enough on her for us all, and we would leave the rest on the desert.

So on we rushed again, and the desert was turning into orchards of figs and olives, and vineyards, won-

derful vineyards as far as the eye could see. Then came great ranches, and with each ranch there would be the house, and water, and green grass, and orchards of all kinds of fruit. They were wonderful to look at. Mother was right on tiptoe as we rushed through this wonderful country of wheat and oats and orchards and vineyards. It was all marvelous to her, how a dry desert of cactus and sagebrush could be turned to such thrifty orchards and field of oats and wheat. Irrigation was a mystery to her; she could not understand how those immense fields and orchards and vineyards could all get a drink. We passed great canneries along near the railroads, and it looked as if this country must be the heart of the grape industry.

On we rushed, anxiously hoping we would catch up with our boys. We reached Fresno at last, and found it a busy place like Los Angeles. Mother got on her buttered knees and watched out the back window for our boys. On and on we went, and still we saw no one that looked familiar to us. We decided to go to the post office, and get the mail, and we were looking for a place to park when Mother let out an unearthly scream. We had passed the Essex car. and there lay the four boys asleep, but Mother's scream awakened them. We stopped our car, and other cars stopped too, as her scream was followed by joyful whoops from those boys. We backed up to their car, and there was rejoicing enough so that you would think we had been separated for years. People began to gather around us, and we inquired if they had any speed laws? One man said, "Well.

I guess we have. Every person who is caught speeding here is landed right in jail for fifteen days." We looked at Mother, and Mother looked at the boys in the Essex, who said they had been waiting four hours for us, so we knew they too had done some speeding, for they thought we were ahead of them all the way to Fresno.

The boys handed over our mail to us, and we sat for a while and read our letters and visited with the natives. Fresno looked good to us all. It was a beautiful city of over 70,000 population. It had lots of water, all under ground, and was pumped by electricity. As we looked the place over we decided it would be a mighty good place for a cold person to live. We really hated to leave, everybody looked so prosperous and seemed so happy and friendly to us. Such a bunch of people gathered around our two cars that passersby looked as if they were wondering what all the excitement could be about. One man noticed our Massachusetts number plates and asked where we were from. When we said Massachusetts, he laughed and shook his head, and said he was from New England himself, and there were no such big hats and brown faces as ours there. They were all interested when we told them that we were taking a three months trip around through the United States and living the real gipsy life, and as we started off they congratulated us on our fine family of sons.

As we drove out of Fresno we saw more great ranches of fruit trees and vineyards, and then we entered between the great wheat fields that stretched as far as the eye could see on both sides. We found this country very fascinating to drive through. Mother was all athrill with it. We drove on for a few hours more and camped behind a garage. There were cows, pigs, and chickens around us. We had expected to reach the Yosemite Valley, but night overtook us, the roads were very bad, and getting separated as we did had delayed us several hours. We had all had a good shaking up that day, and were off to bed early.

The morning found us rested and well and happy. We had quite an exciting time getting our breakfast. The eggs we were frying were not fresh, and frying eggs that are not fresh is very exciting sometimes in that hot climate. Just as we had gotten our eats all divided up on the eight plates, over went our coffee pot, and as it rolled down a little knoll the cover came off, of course, and peal after peal of laughter followed it. But we made more coffee, and gave our eggs a decent burial. Then we washed and juggled the dishes as usual, while the cows and pigs and chickens looked on in amazement. And then we drove off for the wonderful Yosemite.

The roads were rougher than they had been the day before, and then we began to climb the Sierra Nevada mountains. Here the roads were so narrow and sandy and winding that we wondered sometimes how we were going to make it. We were getting into big timber now, and we were crawling along at less than ten miles an hour. We never turned so many curves in our lives. Indeed, we scarcely knew what was six feet ahead of us. Mother was sitting on the eternity side, and watched the dirt and gravel slide down into the canyon as we drove along.

CHAPTER XV

The Yosemite

THE road up the Sierras was really too narrow for two cars to pass, but each time we would get safely by, and so we crawled on and up. The drivers had a hard time, but the passengers enjoyed the slow driving, as it gave them an opportunity to see the scenery. At times we would stop and look up the top of these great trees, and then away down to the roots. It was a marvelous sight never to be forgotten. Then we came to what was called the fallen monarch. We all got out here and went up some stairs among the roots and raced up and down. It was wider than some of the roads we had been traveling on. Indeed, it seemed almost impossible that a tree could be so long and big. The boys took many pietures of it.

Then on we drove through this wonderful forest of the greatest trees in the world. We came to one hollow tree, and got out and had our pictures taken in it. It was large enough for a whole Sunday School of children to gather in it. Mother saw some ferns growing around among these great trees, the first we had seen since leaving the East. After driving for a long time among these giant trees, we began to climb the mountain again, still higher, and the canyon presented a wonderful sight. We drove through two great trees in our autos, and saw no end of giant redwoods, acres and acres of them. As we drove on over the mountains, we just crawled along over a

very rough and narrow curving road clinging to the side of the mountains. There was no railing, and the canyon looked so steep and so far down that it looked as though only a few inches would send us to the bottom and into eternity. Mother sat there looking over the side, and to all appearances she was enjoying all she could see.

After some miles we came to a Ranger who sealed all our firearms, and then we were sixteen miles from the place where we had to pay our \$5 to enter the Yosemite Valley. It would soon be time to stop for the night, and we decided to camp in the wildest place we could find. After a while we heard water, and we drove as near to it as we could. It was a beautiful brook; it tore down the mountain and sang and bubbled just like our Eastern brooks. We almost felt as if we were among our own mountains. Certainly we had seen nothing like it in the West before. There were great giant trees all around us. Mother would push back her hat and stand and gaze and gaze as though she thought they reached to the sky.

We were all delighted over the place we had found for a camping place, and how the boys longed for some real excitement. They began to talk about bears. Their guns were all sealed, but Mother had her billy club, and as she got out of the car she fastened it to her belt. We wanted to do something different tonight, so Mother suggested that we just sleep under the stars by the side of the great trees. We all liked the idea, so we got busy and set our eight beds in a row with our cars along by the foot, and then we brought water from the brook and cooked



LA JOLLA



our supper. This was the real Gipsy life that Mother was longing for. She did not enjoy the thousands of tourists so near her. As she roamed around among the great trees, she would say: "This is the life, this is the life!"

We had a good time cooking our supper, and while we were eating two deer came along and remained for a long while within a few feet of us. They seem to have no fear of man: they probably had never smelled powder or heard a gun fired. What a thrill it gave us, as we sat there and watched them! Then the boys wished some more animals would come along.

While Mother and Arthur were washing the dishes, they planned a little excitement for the rest of us. We had been hoping a bear would come around before morning, so Arthur decided to play bear during the wee small hours of the night, when all were in the land of Nod. They piled up our dishes so they could be easily scattered, and Arthur planned to put on Mother's big dark sweater and crawl along on all fours, sniffing and sniffing along by the heads of the cots, and then tip over the dishes. Our guns had all been sealed, so there was no danger of getting shot.

The ruse worked out fine. We heard the grunts, and when the plates went over, some of the boys pulled the blankets over their heads. Two dashed into the car at the foot of their bed. I thought of Mother on the end cot and said, "Shoo, shoo, get out of here!" Mother handed me her billy club and then laughed as Arthur rose and laughed with her. The boys had really had some excitement at last. As they

crawled back into bed we could do nothing more but laugh until time to get up, and so we lay there and looked up, up to the tops of the grand trees which seemed to be among the twinkling stars.

Our breakfast was a jolly affair and for days we laughed over our bear episode. That morning we finished our mountain ride and drove down into the wonderful valley. We thought we had driven through thousands of acres of the grand trees. As we paid our five dollars and drove into the Yosemite Park, the ranger examined our revolvers and saw that they were sealed and that we had no dogs or cats with us. If people bring their pets with them there is a place where they are boarded out and not allowed to enter, for there are all kinds of wild animals in this peaceful valley.

As we drove along we noticed that we were completely surrounded by mountains, towering over seven thousand feet above us. We came to the Bridal Veil Falls, dropping six hundred and twenty feet to the valley. Mother wanted to remain right there. It was indeed a beautiful sight, but we must look for a camping place, for here we planned to stay a few days to see the wonderful sights of the Yosemite: rivers and lakes and falls and all sorts of sights among these great trees.

I have not language to explain or write about the sheer immensity of the precipices on either side of this valley's peaceful floor. The loftiness and the majesty of this granite wall can hardly be imagined by anyone who has not seen them.

The camp site was spotted by Mother on the bank

of the Merced River, with Glacier Point towering above us on the other side of the river. It was an ideal place.

After we had unpacked and eaten our dinner we went for a drive. We discovered that there were thousands of people visiting here. We saw big hotels and passed hundreds of little housekeeping cabins, and villages of little camping tents to rent, and dozens of different automobile camping grounds, with roads in all directions.

We marveled at the wonderful sights we saw every minute of the time. The extreme loftiness of the waterfalls which poured over the rim into the valley was amazing. The Yosemite Falls drop one thousand, four hundred and thirty feet, then they come down and flow along the rocks, then fall again three hundred and twenty feet. The Ribbon Falls, highest of all, drop one thousand, six hundred and twelve feet, a clear, straight fall. Nowhere else in the world may be had a water spectacle such as this. The two most celebrated rocks in Yosemite are El Capitan and Half Dome. El Capitan rises three thousand, six hundred and ninety-four feet above the valley floor. Half Dome was once a full dome, but the glacier undermined its base and half of it split off. It rises four thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two feet from the valley floor. There were other great peaks, called the Three Brothers, and Cathedral Spires, and many others, too numerous to mention. The granite wall around that valley was a wonderful sight.

But our trip to the Mariposo groves of big trees was what seemed to interest Mother the most. She

wanted to walk among them. She would go up to a giant Sequoia and say, "Now watch me reach around this one." It might measure sixty feet around. One of the great trees we drove through was two hundred and twenty-seven feet high and twenty-six feet through. Some of those trees were four thousand years old. There was one old tree called the Grizzly Giant. If its trunk were cut through, a wagon and two street cars could drive through side by side and still leave the sides strong enough to support the tree. But the Fallen Monarch was Mother's favorite. It lay there on the ground and as she walked and ran to the other end she thought it seemed like a mile out and back. That old tree lay there by the side of the road, nobody knows how long, and still it was solid and must have had millions of feet of good lumber in it.

So we returned to our camp by the Merced River. Mother looked up at Glacier Point, three thousand, two hundred feet above her, and then down to the peaceful river, and said, "I guess I have seen enough for one day." She took off her great hat and laid it on a rock, then she laid her red bandanna on top of it, rolled up her sleeves and said, "I am actually starving." Our boys came in on the chorus, "So am I, so am I," and we all got busy. The water was handy and we soon had a peck of potatoes peeled and on the stove. The coffee was on, and one boy was running around with the big iron frying pan, another was using the great knife on the bread, and some one else was slapping on the butter, and the tin cups and plates were soon standing in rows waiting to be filled.

The air was filled with knives, forks, and spoons, as they passed through the juggling process, and the people around us seemed to be looking at us in amazement. We never went into camp but that people stood and watched and seemed greatly interested. We never quite knew why we attracted so much attention, unless it was on account of our big family of boys who were always so kind and thoughtful for us. There was always so much happy fun going on in our family, and then our khaki and big hats and red handkerchiefs made us look a little picturesque and just a bit different from the other campers. There were no smokers in our family, and if anyone watched our boys for a short time he could see that every one was a real thoroughbred.

The potatoes were cooked and Mother was mashing them with a big bottle, the steak was frying, the coffee was sending out a most fragrant odor, and the feast was on. As the boys stood and watched Mother divide up the potatoes on those eight plates, we heard peals of laughter from our neighbors who were watching our supper preparations, and after the dishes had been washed and juggled, they came around our tent and said they almost felt acquainted with us. In the morning one woman whom we had not noticed before came over and took Mother by both hands and said, "Little woman, you have great courage to travel with so many lively, hungry boys," and then she said, "You have a beautiful family," and Mother replied. "Yes, Father and I are very proud of our boys." Then she asked about our trip and was so interested as Mother told her of the great circle we were making through the United States in three months.

We were all tired that night, for we had driven over very hard dangerous roads ever since leaving Fresno. The sights of the day had been wonderful and marvelous. We were going to retire early, but our neighbors said we must sit up for the nine o'clock illumination. As people began to gather out in front of our tent by the Merced River, bringing with them camp chairs and cushions and blankets to sit on, we soon joined them with our family. There we sat in the quiet of the evening, with the twinkling stars above us, visiting and laughing. As we watched we heard someone call out, "Hello, hello below!" and all who gathered on the bank of the river called back. Every night they build a great fire up there, and at nine o'clock they shovel the red hot coals over the precipice of Glacier Point, three thousand, two hundred feet above us. It was a most spectacular sight, which must be left to your imagination. After the Oh's and Ah's were all over, we said our goodnights and returned to our various tents. It did not take us long to hit the hay and close our eyes in slumber, for we were all tired and happy with the wonders of the day.

The next morning the boys decided to take a hike upon Glacier Point, and then visit some falls and lakes and some snow capped mountains that cannot be seen from the roads at this time. I washed and greased my car, while Mother did the family washing, and then we closed our tent and drove out on one of the many beautiful drives. When we returned we found the boys and they joined us on a fifteen mile trip to El Portal. It was very beautiful, away down

deep in the canyon of the Merced River, with the lofty granite peaks on either side. Then we drove by the Bridal Veil Falls, and saw a sight never to be forgotten. The wind was blowing hard and it took that stream of water and shook it from right to left like a filmy lace bridal veil. Then the setting sun kissed that mystic bride like a loving bridgroom, and then the bridesmaids showered the bride with flowers of all colors of the rainbow and tossed them on high, far above the granite precipice; then in a few minutes the veil dropped and our bride stood there again in her snow white filmy veil. Again and again we watched the wind and the sun play with that stream of water. The wind would toss it far and wide and then lift it on high, while the setting sun gave it all the colors of the rainbow. As we sat there before that gorgeous sight, a wonderful picture was painted for memory's wall.

It was a wonderful ride to El Portal. When we returned to camp we put on another feed and our good neighbors seemed more interested than ever and roar after roar of laughter was heard when our boys entertained them with the fun of getting supper, taking in the washing, and getting fixed up for the night. Then we all joined these good people again on the bank of the Merced River for another wonderful illumination. The events and wonders of the day were discussed and then came the brilliancy and sparks from a million coals of fire, too wonderful to describe. The Oh's and Ah's were said and then came a silence which lasted until the last spark had vanished. Then came the goodnights and all quietly disappeared in the dark.

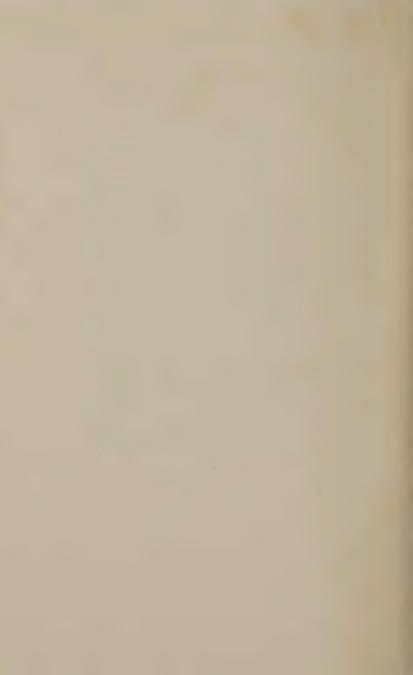
As we lay in bed discussing the wonders of the Yosemite, we admitted we could stay there for weeks and then not see half. We took a vote whether to stay longer or go. We all hated to leave this peaceful valley, but the final decision was to move on and try to celebrate Ralphie's birthday at the Golden Gate at San Francisco.

So the next morning it was all Hurrah boys, pack up and go. Many of our good neighbors around us hated to see us go and said many kind things to us as we drove away. We drove almost fifty miles before we got out of the National Park, and the boys were glad when the ranger broke the seals on their revolvers and returned them and the bullets were soon in and ready for use once more. The long ride among the big trees was a joy to Mother, and we saw another great giant which was dead and had been fixed up so that tourists could drive their cars through. As we drove under it we took a picture of our cars driving through.

We came to a very steep mountain with an eighteen percent grade. The Fords were having a hard time. They had to get out quite often and put a stone under the wheels, and as they passed on they left them in the roads. Our boys called them "Ford eggs," and before we reached the top of the mountain they became quite a joke, for they were strewn all the way, and they also became quite a nuisance, for the road was very narrow and there was a fearful deep precipice on the other side of the car, which looked far down into the canyon. We wound around and around with many sharp curves, some of which we dared not



CATALINA ISLANDS



make without backing, for we might get too near a jumping off place. When we reached the bottom of the mountain we came out into fine irrigated ranches, with green fields, orchards, and vineyards.

We camped that night at a pretty little town called Tracy. There was a grove of Eucalyptus trees here, and a long board table with seats on both sides. We drove in and took possession. This kind of tree seems to grow without much water. It did seem good to have a grove of trees all to ourselves. We spent the forenoon here and gave our cars some much needed attention. The clothes line was put out and Mother had a delightful time here under these shady trees. All our sofa pillows were stripped of their gay coverings and washed and hung out on the line, which made us look quite like a band of real gypsies. A man came out with a load of the most delicious peaches, and such a feast as we had here. Mother mourned because she could not do some canning.

We began early in the morning to celebrate Ralphie's twenty-first birthday and kept at it all day until the sun set at the Golden Gate in San Francisco. Ralphie will never forget this day as long as he lives. There wasn't a doubt but that he was well spanked. He was our little boy; Mother had always called him Daddy's pet; and it is just possible that we loved this boy a little more than any other boy. In our home he had a way of sitting on the arm of my big chair and putting his arm around my neck while we read the paper together. He was a little fellow, and many a time I crawled into his bug-proof tent and gathered him up in my arms and carried him

out and laid him on the ground to wake him up to dress for another day's travel. And now our little Ralphie was twenty-one and a man. He came to us before he was eighteen and he was always so lovable and thoughtful for Mother and me. Our three youngest boys were all twenty-one on this trip. Mother called them our triplets. All three came to us before they were eighteen. Mother called it the interesting age, but all our boys have been very interesting and have brought much fun and joy into our lives.

After our dinner Mother sat on top of the table and did our mending and dolled up our sofa pillows in the nice clean covers which she had washed. We piled them in our cars and were off for Oakland.

It was a beautiful and interesting ride, by rich irrigated ranches. We crossed the ferry into San Francisco. For some reason we were all on tiptoe to visit this city. It seemed it be different from any other city we had visited. Mother thought it was built on a thousand hills, and we certainly were going either up hill or down all the time. We drove out to the Golden Gate, hoping we could camp there, but for some reason we found no tourist camp in San Francisco. We reached the water fifteen minutes before sunset. It was a beautiful sight as we watched it sink in all its golden glory into the water. The Golden Gate was an open place or channel where all the boats came in. On both sides were long projections of rock extending far out into the ocean. We had a wonderful time driving around San Francisco: the hills were so high and we could see so far.

Our boys wanted to visit Chinatown. By the time

we got there the city was brilliant with lights. Mother got in one car and I in the other so the boys could all go together to see the sights. After a while Mother insisted on my going out with the boys too. She never seems to be afraid anywhere. I suppose it was that billy club she carried around with her that made her so brave. Mother was surprised to see such wonderful stores in Chinatown. As we drove along the great windows were beautifully decorated and filled with costly things: silks richly embroidered, teakwood furniture set with mother-of-pearl, everything so attractive. As she sat in the car she enjoyed watching the little mothers pass by with their babies and little children. Even in Chinatown people saw our Massachusetts number plates and gathered around to visit with Mother. One man rushed up to her and said, "You are really from Greenfield, Mass.!" Then he told us his wife was born there and he had married her there.

We had a great time buying souvenirs in Chinatown; everything was so unique and reasonable. We were sorry we did not buy more there. San Francisco had interested us all more than any other place, and we were very sorry we could not camp there and visit the city longer.

We stayed for the last ferry across the bay and then returned to Oakland. We met many interesting people on the Ferry and some asked if we couldn't make room in our cars to carry them back to the East, but we told them that we were on a long trip to see the country.

While parking in Chinatown we saw big sight-see-

ing busses come into Chinatown, filled with tourists visiting the place and Mother could hear the guide shouting what there was to see from right to left.

We reached the tourist camp in Oakland rather late and were on our way for Crater Lake bright and early, for we had a mailing station at Medford, Oregon, and were anxious to be on our way, since we had received no letters after leaving Fresno. All day we traveled through irrigated orchards and vineyards, but there were no oranges any more; we were probably too far north. The great grain fields were all along the way and our boys were so interested in those great harvesters and long strings of horses pulling them along. The driver stood up with a long whip which he snapped around his head; he looked like Tom Mix in his big hat. Then came another string of horses, hitched to several wagons which gathered up the bags of grain and carried them to the great storehouses along by the railroad. We passed some rice fields which were a curiosity to us. It seemed to be growing under water, but did not look really thrifty to us, so we wondered whether it was a success in this part of the country.

Away out here among these great irrigation ditches, orchards loaded with fruit, and vineyards and grain fields, we camped at Corning. The next day we rushed along through the same kind of country, all marveling what water will do to make this desert land yield. It seemed so rich and fertile whenever water could reach it. After two days of wonderful crops of fruit and grain, we began to see mountains again, with live oaks, sagebrush, cactus, and greasewood, and

the country began to look wild again. Mother always seemed so interested in this kind of country, and the winding roads which cling to the sides of the mountains with deep canyons down, down so far.

Mt. Shasta had begun to show its snow white cap to us, but it was still many miles away. While at Corning many tourists found our family interesting and gathered around to chat, and when we told them that we were on our way to Crater Lake there were those who begged us not to take our boys on such a dangerous road, for there had been fifteen deaths within only a few days, but our boys wanted to see Crater Lake and we had mapped out our route and could not very well change our plans, on account of our mailing stations. We had been on so many dangerous roads we were getting quite used to them, for there is not a doubt that we had driven over two thousand miles around the rims of deep canyons, and we hoped to make this hazardous trip in safety.

It was a wonderful sight as we drove toward Mt. Shasta and watched its snow white peak towering up at an elevation of fourteen thousand, five hundred and eighty feet. As we drew near we saw other mountains that were streaked with snow, and we passed hikers coming down Mt. Shasta. How our boys wanted to make the hike when we stood at the foot looking far, far up, but we knew we should lose out with our mail at Medford, so we decided to drive on. We came into some more big timber which looked wild and interesting. We drove for miles but we could not get away from Mt. Shasta. We followed the Mt. Shasta River for miles. It was a wicked road, clinging to the

mountains on one side and looking away down on the Shasta River, with the mountains rising up so far on the other side. It was a scenic but dangerous ride, and we were glad when we came to Eureka to camp for the night.

This was a wonderful camping place, with a nice swimming pool. There were brick ovens with good chimneys. We had griddle cakes for our breakfast. While the boys were in for a swim Mother and I sat up in the balcony and watched the fun. There were nice people all around here and we were warned again about the awful roads to Crater Lake, nevertheless we packed up and bid our friends goodbye.

CHAPTER XVI

Crater Lake

ABOUT two o'clock we bid the state of California farewell. We had spent eighteen nights in this wonderful state, we had gone its whole length, and had found it a very interesting state, with its palms and roses and oranges and vineyards and all kinds of fruit and great grainfields and great trees and mountains and desert, with its irrigation, which makes the dry and thirsty sit up and take notice.

Even as far as we had gone in Oregon it was under irrigation, but we could see it was not so dry as California, nor so brown. How we did rush on for Medford and our mailing station! Here we stopped long enough to read the many letters and send out a few cards and souvenirs to our eastern friends, and then we were off for Crater Lake, which was out of our way a hundred miles over a dreadfully dirty, dangerous road.

We traveled up seven thousand feet, through bumps and dirt and rocks and Ford eggs, but it was worth it all; we saw a sight never to be forgotten, though it would take a poet to describe Crater Lake. We arrived there about six o'clock. We found the mountain white with snow and stopped and snowballed each other. Then we rushed to take a peep into the crater, down, down into its water of indigo. After that our excited boys returned to the cars, for we must set up

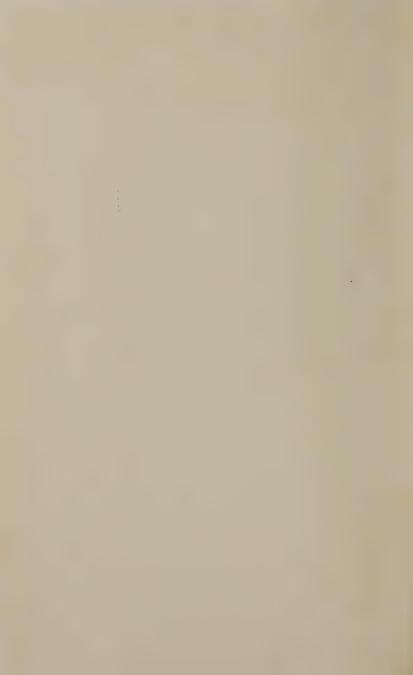
for the night. We backed our cars right into a big snowbank, and we soon discovered there were great mosquitos flying around, the first we had seen on our trip. Mother had laid in a good supply of mosquito netting, thinking we should have to use it every night on our trip, but we had traveled all these weeks without any pests of any kind.

The people around us had built great log fires and were slapping and fighting mosquitos everywhere. Mother soon dug out her great net, which she had made for the whole front of our tent, and we cooked our supper inside, to the envy of all around us. After our supper we went out and sat on the rim of the crater until bed time, just marveling at such a spectacular sight. Here we were, away out in the heart of the Cascade Mountains in southern Oregon, Crater Lake was once a volcano called Mt. Mazama, but this was years ago, perhaps long before man. The entire upper part of Mt. Mazama fell in upon itself, leaving its crater-like lava sides cut sharply downward into the central abyss. The first awful depths of this vast hole no man can guess. As the years passed springs percolated into this vast basin and precipitation in the form of snow filled it with water within a thousand feet of its rim. The lake is two thousand feet deep in places. It has no inlet of any sort, nor are there any streams running out of it, but a few miles away there are many springs which probably come from this wonderful lake.

As we explored the outside of the mountain we found it covered with a lava which looked as if it had run over in the form of hot fluid, instead of being



GLACIER POINT-EDDIE



thrown out. The immense rim is an unforgettable twisted and contorted lava formation. The rim has firs and other shrubbery growing among the rocks and the coloring of the rock wall is wonderful. The reflection in the waters of the lake is so perfect you cannot tell the wall from its reflection. The water is wonderfully blue, a real indigo. Mother wanted to run down and dip her handkerchief in it, but the water is a thousand feet below the ragged rim, and yet so bright, so intensely blue is the lake that it seems from some points of view to lift right in your face. I have not the language to describe the beauty of Crater Lake. It changes from Prussian blue to a sea of sapphire and then to the faintest turquoise, and in places you will see emerald green. When the sun comes up in the morning there is the sun mirrored in the lake. It was all too beautiful and wonderful to describe. There was a motor ride all around the rim which was glorious. It is twenty-four miles around the ragged rim of this mysterious sea of silence. A beautiful wall of lava rock rises a thousand feet above its glorious waters.

When we woke up the next morning the great log fires were out and our mosquito netting was hanging full of the great fat beasts which had been feasting full on the tourists of the night before. It was a laughable sight. Mother spotted them first and said, "Just look what is waiting for us." We made coffee and made short work of our breakfast. We did some more snowballing and took some pictures of our cars in the snow bank, and then packed up and drove

quite free from the mosquitos as we explored around the rim of the lake.

It was a grand sight which we hated to leave, for there seemed to be something different to see all the time. We rather dreaded our trip back down the mountain, for the road was very narrow and bumpy and dirty, besides being fearfully dangerous, and there was a hundred miles of it. However we were off at last for Medford again. We saw where another car had gone to its destruction and wondered how many more were killed. At one time the other car was out of sight for quite a while and Mother had some very anxious moments. We stopped and waited and then Mother pressed the horn three times as she had done once before when we hung over the ravine in the adobe mud in Missouri, and away up in the woods came the joyful answer from the Essex car and we knew our boys were safe and went on our way.

From Medford we started off for Portland. We passed wonderful fruit orchards and many great fields of wheat which were under irrigation, but later we came to real green grass along by the roadside, like our dear New England country, with its hills and mountains in the distance. We were having our first cloudy day and it really seemed good, for we had scarcely seen a cloud for weeks. The two days before had been quite warm, but the nights were still cold.

We stopped at Roseburg to camp. Everybody had roses and roses, wonderful, beautiful roses. Mother almost went into hysterics over them. She wanted

we discovered there were quite a number of people who were on their way to Crater Lake. The many campers around us seemed far more interested in our arrival than in the beautiful roses here, and we wondered quite a little about their curiosity. It may have been our Massachusetts number plates, or it may have been our big hats. We went through the usual process of setting up tents, making beds, putting out the clothes line, preparing our supper, filling the big pails with water, washing up, and shaving. This time they all lathered up and found that all the mirrors but one had been broken by the rough ride to Crater Lake. They may have created a little amusement among the other campers when they all tried to shave at the same time and look in the same mirror. But I think rather that it was their happy, jolly way of doing things together that made people enjoy watching our boys. We were having mashed potatoes and steak that night and all the boys were hungry and trying their best to help Mother and hurry up the cooking of that great kettle of potatoes. Steak has a way of creating an awful appetite when frying in camp out in the open.

There was an aged couple sitting in their car, who seemed to be watching all we did. When mother mashed the potatoes with the long bottle and divided up the potato on the eight plates and then put steak and gravy on the potato and emptied the pan and shouted, "The last call is out!" the hustle and grabbing of plates brought forth much laughter from this old couple. In the evening we took Mother out to see the roses. When we returned the aged couple still sat

in their car and watched our process of retiring for the night, and as they heard one boy laugh we could hear them laugh also. When we made our appearance in the morning they were still sitting side by side in their car, looking the very same as the night before, to watch our breakfast getting and the taking in of the line and the washing by the same boy who had put it out the night before. That was Guy's special job, and that line was always put out whether there was any washing done or not.

We were off early this morning, as we were two hundred and nineteen miles from Portland where we wished to camp for the night. It was a very beautiful ride, for we were out of the irrigation section here. and Mother rejoiced to see green along the roadside. There were hills and mountains and great grain fields and orchards and wonderful roses along the way. While camping in Roseburg, Mother asked a young girl how she liked camping, and she replied, not very well; they had been on the road two weeks and it had rained every day. We were told that it had been raining for eight months at Portland. It had been cloudy ever since we came into Oregon, except for the day we were at Crater Lake. We were wonderfully favored then, for the sun on that mysterious lake was a sight never to be forgotten. It had been a long time since we had been rained on, and I am not sure but that we all were ready to enjoy a little water from above. We had watched it running along through irrigation ditches all through California, with a clear sky above us for days.

Oregon looked thrifty, and as we drew near to Portland an automobile passed us with a lone man in it. As he passed us he waved and said, "Hello, Mass." Then he slacked up a little, and asked if we had ever been to Portland before, and the boys all joined in saying "No." He yelled back, "Follow me, and I will show you the best part of the city." This looked like a bit of fun to the boys, and Mother said, "He must be either a joker or a real-estate man; let's find out what he is." Off we dashed after him, and we soon found that it was no joke to keep up with him or keep him in sight, for we soon found that Portland, Oregon, was a rushing place like Los Angeles and everybody was driving pellmell, and we just had to fight our way through. We had never seen electric cars or automobiles travel so fast in a city before. We rather expected to lose our fenders any moment. As Mother sat there holding on to her great hat and trying to keep an eye on the car of our pilot, she suddenly broke the mental strain we were under with a burst of laughter, as she said, "It is just like chasing down a jack-rabbit in Kansas, isn't it?" We all had a good laugh, for the boys and I never will forget that ride behind a jack-rabbit out on the Kansas prairie. As we dashed along we saw no policeman anywhere. Soon Mother laughed again and said. "Look, look, look!" but could not seem to say anything more. We slacked up a little, then she said, "No, no, do not stop. I just want you to see the straw hats and overcoats, and it is July." Sure enough, we observed that it was quite the fashion to wear straw hats with overcoats in Portland.

Our good pilot soon took us out of this awful jam and rush and as he drove around Portland he showed us many interesting sights in this busy city. We saw more of Portland, Oregon, than of any other city we visited on our trip. After a while he took us to a very fine tourist camp, and bid us goodnight. We all thanked him for his kindness and agreed that he was one fine man, and was neither a joker nor a real-estate man.

As we entered the different states and national parks we had to register and were given stickers, and our cars were pretty well plastered with various stickers from so many places. When we drove into this fine park at Portland and registered we were given a big pink rose for a sticker. On it was printed, "For you a rose in Portland grows." It was a beautiful thing and as Mother stuck it on our windshield she said, "But just wait until I get a real one." If there is anything on earth Mother loves, it is roses, and here in Portland were the most wonderful roses we ever saw. California had beautiful roses, but Portland roses were far superior.

In the park we saw a wonderful sight; the tourists were there by the thousands and we had to crowd our cars and tents right in with the thousands of others. Mother did not like it very well at first, but before we got set up everybody was so kind and friendly all around us we thought it not so bad. Our tent ropes on one side crossed the tent ropes of another tent which was inhabited by a mother and two daughters. As they saw our boys they asked Mother for an introduction and they joined us in all our good fun.

From Portland we went to Olympia, the capital city of Washington, to camp for the night. It was a beautiful ride. Sometimes we almost thought we were back in the New England states. It seemed so good to be passing green fields and to have the roadsides all green instead of bare and brown. Since leaving Kansas we had seen nothing under cultivation except where the great irrigation ditches had given the desert land a drink. It made us feel like new people to travel through Oregon and Washington where the country was watered from above. We saw wonderful gardens through this section, acres and acres of lettuce, carrots, beets, turnips, cabbage, corn, peas, and Down through the rows were people pulling The soil looked very rich and fertile. We weeds. passed many of these great vegetable ranches while on our way to Seattle.

After we left Oregon we had about fifty miles of bad roads. We drove over steep grades which were higher than any we had seen on our trip, and there were many Ford eggs strewn along the way. The capital city of Olympia was a very pretty place, and we had a nice camping park there. The next morning we were off early for the wonderful city of Seattle.

CHAPTER XVII

Seattle and the Columbia Highway

WE found Seattle all in festive dress, for President Harding was to visit the city July 27, and there were to be great doings. We all wanted to remain for the great event, but we knew that a stay of two or three days would greatly upset our plans for the rest of the way home. The day we arrived in Seattle was July 25, and it was Mother's birthday. We had not planned to go further north than Portland, but Mother insisted on visiting Seattle, so we planned to celebrate her birthday there.

We left Mother with our outfit while we went out to see the city for a while. As we returned we saw quite a crowd of people collected around the two cars, and we were afraid that Mother might really have used her billy club, or that something serious had happened to her, so we hustled along, but we soon saw Mother's smiling face under her great hat, and the crowd stepped back just a little while we took our places in the cars. It proved to be only the usual crowd of jabber faces that gathers around our cars when we stop on the streets. Our Massachusetts plates away up in Seattle had drawn the unusual crowd. Mother thought all Seattle must have lived in Massachusetts at some time or another. The Western people were so eager to visit with us everywhere we went. Many times they would chase our cars a long ways just to have a few words with us.

The day before, as we were pulling away from a gas station, a sweet little woman rushed up to our car, and asked if we knew her uncle in Athol. Then she told us how her father had come West many years ago, and how she longed to go East to see her relations. Indeed, all these Western people seem to long for their relatives in the East. As they bide us goodby they would always wave and say, "Well, you folks will be out here with the rest of us in a year or so."

As we returned to our cars the boys had planned to take Mother out to see the city and buy her a little birthday present, while I stayed with the outfit, so off they went to show her the city of Seattle. As I sat in the car the crowd kept growing. They came and went all the afternoon, and all were eager to have a little talk and tell what part of the East they had hailed from, and how long they had been West, and of their various experiences. I met many interesting people, and when Mother and the boys returned from exploring the city there were still many visitors around our cars.

Mother brought back with her a beautiful handbag, which our fine lads had bought for her birthday. She thought it was the most wonderful bag she had ever seen. It had a large mirror and all the fixings that women folks enjoy, and many little pockets which she said would be useful for this and that. I could see that our boys had bought Mother a very nice present. In fact, they are always thoughtful of her. That day she was fifty-two, but I could scarcely realize that she was any older than the day I married her, as she sat there by my side with her face all aglow and showed

me the new bag, and told of the totem pole and the other sights she had seen while out with the boys.

Our visitors all urged us to drive around their city before we left it, and so we did, and we decided that it was the most beautiful city we had visited. Mother was quite in love with Seattle, and wouldn't have missed this part of the trip for anything. She wanted to go on to Alaska, and begged us to take her as far as Vancouver. Of course, we would all have liked to go, but we decided we could go no further North, or we would upset our schedule for mailing stations. So we bid our many visitors in Seattle goodby.

We felt that from now on we were homeward bound. On our way back to Portland we camped at Tacoma, a beautiful city with a most wonderful tourist park, hot and cold water, nice kitchen and dining room—they even had electric flat irons. Some one told us that they had spent over two thousand dollars on just plumbing alone. We always felt grateful when we found nice places to camp for the night.

It was a beautiful ride from Seattle to Tacoma. There was water in sight in many places, also the Cascade Mountains. As we left Tacoma Mt. Rainier loomed up. How we all wanted to visit this place. We had heard so much about the beautiful flowers that bloom in the snow there. Mt. Rainier was snow capped and much higher than Mt. Shasta.

We had all enjoyed our trip back to Portland where we were to camp again for the night. The mother and her two daughters gave us a royal welcome back, and the boys had a great time there. Even Mother and Eddie accepted an invitation to go into the city that night in our good neighbors' car to attend the Hippodrome. Mother sat on the front seat with the Mrs. and Eddie on the back seat with her pretty daughter. They found their car rather balky and Eddie had much cranking to do, which caused much merriment along the way. Mother had a great time at the Hippodrome. It was the first time she had been to anything of the kind on the trip, so it was really quite an event for her, as well as a lot of jolly fun.

When they returned they found the other pretty daughter missing, also our Lester, so they decided to visit the bug-proof tent and call the roll there. As Eddie entered and spoke, a woman said, "Get out of here!" by which they discovered they had entered the wrong tent.

Our stay in Portland, Oregon was always remembered by our boys with much laughter and merriment, and even Mother came in for her share of fun there. The next morning we were off for the wonderful Columbia Highway. Mt. Hood soon loomed up and stayed with us for a long time. The Columbia Highway thrilled us all through and through. It was wonderful as well as beautiful. There was something new to see and to explore all the time. There were all sorts of falls, and there were several strange looking tunnels which were very picturesque to pass through. We hiked up a wonderful gorge for a half mile and saw some beautiful falls. Mother thought the Columbia Highway was the most wonderful scenery on our whole trip. She raved and raved over the sights we were seeing, the green ferns and the falling water.

We stopped at a salmon fish hatchery, which was an interesting sight to us all. There we saw the eggs and the little baby fish and then we saw several schools of rainbow trout, about seventeen or eighteen inches long. It was a splendid sight. We ate our dinner out under the trees by these rainbow trout, and I fear Mother fed the trout more than she did herself. It was a very exciting place for us all and we hated to leave those big fat rainbow trout behind us.

As we passed along by the banks of the Columbia River the coloring of the high cliffs was very rich and beautiful. The whole mountain scenery with its waterfalls and silent glens and green ferns, will live forever in our memories. The Columbia River was very wide, also very swift, and as we drove along we passed into a great fruit district. For miles and miles were apple trees, bending to the very ground with wonderful apples. Many of the trees had several props under them to keep them from breaking down.

Then we drove out into a desert, a real desert, hot and dry, just like the southern states. It was a great surprise to us all. As we drove on and on for miles through this desert, we saw sights almost equal to the Grand Canyon. We soon came to the Columbia River again, also a great canal, eight miles long, for irrigation. Then we came out into some more beautiful scenery. The Columbia River was on our left and beyond were bare hills and mountains, so rich in coloring. There were no green borders along the banks of the river as by some we had seen, for this was all rock on both sides. Between us and the river



DRIVING THROUGH A GREAT TREE



was a railroad, and on our right were ledges towering far above us. It was strange looking rock. Everything looked strange to us. The deserts had always held a great fascination for Mother, but this was most wonderful to her. As she looked from right to left it was all desert, and still there was the wide, swift Columbia River flowing through it all.

On we traveled for hours by that river, with the scenery changing all the time on both sides. Sometimes the canyon would widen and we could look out for miles as far as the eye could see upon a vast desert. We never dreamed that Oregon could have a desert like the south. We saw more cactus here than in all the deserts of the south put together, and this must mean that it never freezes in this part of the country. The coloring of the mountains and the cliffs and rocks was almost equal to that of the Grand Canyon.

About nightfall we saw a beautiful green spot ahead of us. As we drew near it was a beautiful sight. There were houses on both sides of the road with wonderful green lawn and beautiful green trees, and stores, and at the end of the street a camp for tourists. We drove in and set up for the night. The moon was full and the air so warm and balmy. There were table and benches here, and water faucets sticking up out of the ground every few feet. We did the family washing here and the clothes dried very quickly. The boys had a great time singing songs. There were many beautiful flowers in this green spot away out here on the desert. We had a wonderful time at this unique place.

The next morning we were up early and moving out into the desert again. After a while the rocky ledges began to disappear, also the broad rolling hills of sage brush and cactus, and then the beautiful Columbia River disappeared from our trail, and great irrigation ditches began to show up, and then in the far distance wheat fields began to be seen, and soon we were among the great wheat fields again. I can scarcely describe this wonderful sight. We could hardly see how they plowed these great rounding hills. Half the land was golden with wheat, and the other was black and was being harrowed all the time. Not a weed is allowed to grow. We passed one of the great harvesters which cuts, threshes, and bags the grain. It was drawn by twenty-seven mules. We expected to see many tractors, but the work on these steep hills seemed to be done by horses.

We traveled for hours through these wonderful grain, fields, and then we came into desert again, just barren knolls, and we wondered if it was ledge and could not be planted. It was very picturesque. Words could not describe it.

We stopped at Pendleton and saw many Indians there in their gay, unique dress, and some of the boys bought some Indian blankets and other souvenirs there. We crossed the beautiful Columbia River by the ferry and bid it farewell, thinking we had seen it for the last time. We crossed over into Washington again and were on our way to visit the much talked of city of Spokane. We visited Walla Walla, which is in a wonderful rich valley. We had expected to find Oregon and Washington wet and green and

mostly timber and swamp land and were quite surprised to find so much desert and wheat fields which looked as if they had never been green. But as night drew near and we were looking for a camping place, we drove down into a little valley which was all green. How good it did look to us to really see green fields.

We all enjoyed our stay at Colfax and the next day we were off for Spokane. We passed many wheat fields. There were mountains of wheat out here. We hardly could see how they plowed or harvested the crops on those steep sides. As we entered Spokane our boys were all eager to see all they could and felt well paid for visiting this place and the other towns on the way.

We passed on into Idaho. It was woods and mountains and we all enjoyed the change from desert and wheat fields. We visited a silver-tip fox farm and saw four hundred and fifty foxes, all valued at a thousand dollars apiece. There was one little fox which had been injured and made a pet of, and Mother had a chance to take him in her arms. She enjoyed her visit here very much as she was always interested in animals. It was a sight worth seeing.

All day we passed by many lead and silver mines and great smelting buildings and large lumber camps. We passed the beautiful lake of Coeur d'Alene. We camped at Wallace, Idaho, a nice little town and camp. The next morning we were up early for a trip over the Bitter Root Mountains. They were very beautiful and green, with a nice river by our side. We were told that it was a very dangerous road on account of the narrow rough road. We found it very

narrow and almost like stairs in places and very steep down to the river's edge. Mother sat on the eternity side and said there was a wonderful view all the way, but I thought we had to go fearfully close to the edge as we passed other cars. However we made it in safety, but we saw places where we felt that others had gone over and down to their death. There were some fearful precipices in places. We enjoyed these green mountains especially because all the other mountains were bare ledge and quite like saw teeth.

We crossed over into Montana and found it still wild and green and beautiful. We saw very little under cultivation on account of the woods and mountains. We passed through Missoula where we had a mailing station and received many good letters from our friends in the east.

This wild green country with its mountains and mines and lumber camps made us feel like real gypsies again and we thought it would be great sport to camp out in the woods again. So we drove off into a little woodsy road and drove until we came to a river. The boys were wild with delight. As we got out of our cars, Eddie had his fishing pole in his hand and was soon turning over stones for a worm. We were all so glad to be away by ourselves. took off our shoes and stockings and were soon paddling around in the water. We had been sick of tourists and tourists' camps for a long time and just had to have a change. Again we set our eight cots along in a row and decided to sleep under the stars on the river bank, all hoping for a little excitement before morning. Here we cooked our supper and ate it, feeling like real gypsies, and in the morning we cooked again, for nothing had devoured us during the night; not even a skunk or a snake or a bear had visited us during the wee small hours of the night. I doubt if any of us would have known it if they had, for we slept like logs. It was an ideal camping place which made us feel our oats. Our boys all acted like young colts as we packed up and drove off for another day's travel.

Now we were off for Butte, Montana. We left the woods after a while and came out into some more desert. Our green mountains disappeared, but some big mountains streaked with snow made their appearance. We saw signs of many mines, but of very little cultivation. It was really quite like a desert in places; the cactus appeared often and the sage brush was seen all the time.

Butte, Montana, was quite a city, of a hundred thousand, and a very rich mining city. It interested us very much. We found a place to park and soon many people gathered around our cars. One man rushed up and told us he was from Greenfield, Massachusetts, and that his father was in business there. He told us he played ball with the miners' league. While we were parked here many pretty girls passed our cars and our boys thought they had never seen so many pretty girls before in their lives and thought it would be a good place for them to locate. Mother thought there must have been a summer school in session at Butte. We bought eats for our dinner here, and as soon as our boys had seen enough of this western city we drove out into the country to eat our lunch.

From here we passed over the Continental Divide and out into more desert. The Rocky Mountains were in sight again. We had a most interesting ride all the afternoon, but it was mostly mountains, hills, and desert. We had enjoyed our camping place by the river in the woods so much the night before that we decided to sleep under the stars again if we could find a place. As night drew near we were all on the lookout and at last we came to a very swift stream of water. We soon found a place to camp on the bank of it. Eddie sprang from the car again with his fishing pole and here we fished and did our stunts. We cooked our supper and set our cots out in a row on the bank of that pretty stream of water. How we all enjoyed our freedom!

In the morning when we woke up we found it cold and cloudy, but the boys enjoyed their morning dip in the brook and had a great time shaving up. As Herbert was washing his brush he slipped into the rushing stream, to the great amusement of all. We were having such a good time here we hated to pack up and get on our way again.

We left the desert behind and passed into a rich valley of grain and hay and alfalfa. It looked good to us, but we were passing over fearful roads. Later we passed out of this green valley and came again to hills and mountains and cactus and sagebrush. It was all very scenic country and Mother was greatly interested in the changes as we passed along.

CHAPTER XVIII

Yellowstone Park

ABOUT six o'clock we came to Gardner, Montana, our last mailing station before entering the wonderful Yellowstone Park, which lies at the corner of three states. Here we had to pay seven dollars and fifty cents before we could enter. Our firearms were sealed once more. We drove about two miles, when we came to the state line between Montana and Wyoming. Three Massachusetts cars passed us and they were so pleased to see our cars they piled out and we backed up and had quite a visit. They informed us that there was another Greenfield car in the park, but we never happened to see it. These people were from Worcester and were on their way to spend the winter in California.

All day as we had been traveling along we had been feeling a change of climate, and as we grew colder we put on more wraps until we had them all on and had begun to wrap up in our blankets. The people who lived around there called it a nice hot day, but they said in the winter it went to sixty below zero. We saw a man out in the field reaping wheat with an overcoat and a straw hat on, which caused us to have a good hearty laugh.

At supper time we camped at the first camp we came to, which was called Mammoth Hot Springs Camp. We enjoyed it here. In the evening a ranger

came along and built a great log fire near us. We all went out after the supper had been cooked and the dishes juggled as usual, and sat on the logs and watched the fire and visited with the other campers.

The next day we spent the best part of the forenoon here and gave our cars some needed attention. The boys explored around and found a great pool for swimming which was heated by a brook of boiling water. About eleven o'clock we all went there and went in bathing. It was so nice and warm we staved in two hours and had a wonderful time. We never shall forget how good that warm water felt to us. After our swim we returned to camp and packed up. We drove up on the mountain to take a look at that boiling brook as it rushed down the mountain. was really a wonderful sight; all white like lime boiling out, and there was a little lake nearby that was a bright blue, so bright we hardly could look at it. Later on as we drove along through the woods we came to little steaming lakes, and then we came to a roaring mountain with steam pouring out in places all over its sides. As we stopped our cars to listen to the roaring and thrashing of whatever was going on inside the mountain we hardly knew whether it was safe to go any further or not. The boys got out and went up the side of the mountain to investigate the places where the steam was coming out. When they returned they said they could smell brimstone and hell fire. It was a strange sight. We decided to go on and investigate further, and just then our boys discovered a great elk standing in the road which did not care a rap about any of us. So the boys got out



WHEN DAD BECAME AN INDIAN



their cameras and took some fine pictures of him. While the boys were taking pictures I asked Mother what she thought of that white mountain. She had been very silent all the time the boys had been exploring. She was always silent when we were driving over dangerous places and around the rims of canyons. Now I noticed a very mystified look upon her face as she replied to my question. She almost whispered, "It is a real volcano, isn't it? It is dreadfully active inside, and don't you think it is liable to blow up just any time?"

The boys returned on the run and all seemed quite excited as we drove along up the mountain. After a while we came to an open place and could drive no further. We sat in our cars a few minutes and looked out on several acres of white crust. It was called Norris Geyser Basin. We parked our cars and got out to explore this strange, mysterious place. Mother was still silent, but was taking the lead, when all of a sudden she returned to the car, but soon joined us again with her billy club. It rather amused us, but we only looked at each other and smiled, thinking that the elk in the road had reminded her that Yellowstone Park was full of wild animals, and that since our firearms had all been sealed she was the only one who had a weapon. She was soon in the lead again and as she ran out to the crust she tapped it with her billy. A troubled look came over her face as she looked at the boys and said, "It sounds very thin and looks very dangerous in places," and she charged us to be very careful. As we stood there taking in the view before us it semed to be a white

field and hillside of boiling pools and small geysers. In some places steam came out like a steam engine. We soon discovered that Mother had gone several vards out on the white crystal crust and had taken off her great hat and was down on her knees, seeming to be intently looking at something. Then we decided that we really might be on dangerous ground and we had better keep right hold of Mother. As we reached her we were quite horrified to see a long deep crack in this white crust, but only a few inches wide. Mother had laid her hat across it and was sniffing a peculiar odor and trying to see into the depths of the crack. As she sat back on her heels and looked up at us she said, "It smells just like brimstone and I believe that crack reaches clear to hell, but my hat is too wide to go down and I shall tie it good and tight under my chin and if any of you see it lying on this crust anywhere you will know I am hanging under it." This brought forth much laughter from the boys. They reminded her of the time when crossing the desert she had taken off her hat and wound the tape several times around her left hand and lain back in the corner of the seat for a little nap. When she woke up the tape was around her hand but her hat was gone. She let out a scream and reached over and blew our horn three times, which soon brought our two cars together. She held up her hand and in a mournful voice said, "My som-bre-o is gone!" Sure enough, while she was taking her siesta the wind had played with her hat and broken it away. It caused much merriment among the boys, but while we were debating what to do, a tourist came along and asked if we had lost a hat. Mother eagerly claimed it with many grateful thanks, and got out her needle and thread to sew until she declared it could never get away again.

Now we told her we were fearful of the strength of the tapes, so I took Mother's hand and kept her by my side while we explored this white field of crust. As one of the boys picked up her hat we noticed that steam had begun to rise from the opening and Mother stepped across and said, "I guess we will be moving along." We all stepped safely over, but noticed that steam seemed to be rising all around us. As we traveled along we came to little lakes of boiling water which were so very clear and blue and boiling with an awful fierceness. Then every little while they would shoot far up into the air. There were boiling holes and great cracks with boiling water bubbling out everywhere. We seemed to be walking on a thin grust and in many places there were boards laid across and there were many printed danger signs at places that were unsafe for us to go.

We spent a long time here, visiting many deep holes and lakes of boiling water, and some holes that seemed to have no ending. Many of the places would come to a fierce boiling and throw water high in the air. We agreed that Norris Geyser Basin was a wonderful sight. It seemed such a strange and mysterious place, we could not get our curiosity satisfied. Mother was a little fearful that some of the boys might get too venturesome or a little careless, so we returned to our cars, blew our horn three times, called them back to the cars, and went on our way again. For miles

we drove by little boiling lakes and places where it looked as if something were frying in pans. Steam came right out of the side of the road. We passed a river that looked like chocolate on account of the brown stones and sometimes it looked as if steam were coming out of the chocolate colored stones. We drove for miles along a rushing river that seemed to be a constant succession of cascades. We passed Gibbon Falls, which were a beautiful sight—a drop of over eighty feet. I believe Mother enjoyed this rushing river with its cascades of falling water as much as anything in the park, but that roaring mountain and that geyser basin of cracks and steam and boiling water, I think disturbed her peace of mind quite often.

We drove on for miles, seeing wonderful things all the time. Then we came to a ranger's cabin and a few campers. The place was called Madison Square. We drove in and decided we would camp here for the night by this beautiful stream of water, which looked wild and interesting. As mother got out she stood looking in all directions and listening; then she said, "There is no roaring mountain, nor a bit of boiling water or steam in sight." We all looked and then laughed and admitted she was right. As she started supper that mystical and skeptical look vanished from her face. As she sat down on a log to pare the potatoes for supper she discovered there were many little animals under the log, and all around everywhere were little tame ground squirrels. Mother was always very fond of any kind of animal that she could feed or pet, so there she sat, astride that log

paring potatoes, and feeding the little fellows on both sides with potato skins. We suspected she was more interested in ground squirrels than she was in supper, so we sent one of the boys to help her. A few minutes later as we finished the bedmaking I could not help but laugh at the comical picture they made—both astride the log, their great hats shoved back on their heads, the potatoes between them, and the little squirrels sitting up so straight on the ground, begging for bits to eat.

We enjoyed our supper in this quiet place on the bank of the river, and after the dishes had been washed and juggled Mother noticed that the clothes line had been stretched on the bank of the river from tree to tree, looking quite inviting. So here she did our washing and rinsed it in the river with the little squirrels looking on.

The boys went out to visit among the other campers and about dark they returned with the news that we were camping a thousand feet higher than Mt. Washington in our dear New England states. We had been up on Mt. Washington with our boys and they thought they were pretty high up, and here we were camping by a pretty river, a thousand feet higher still. Another boy came home with half a pound of honey and hung it in a tree between our tents, hoping that it would entice a bear before morning. Mother smiled, went to the car, and got her billy club and laid it on her cot. There was no moon and the ranger allowed the campers to build log fires by their tents, which made a beautiful sight. We all went out and sat on Mother's log and soon the boys were singing

songs. When they stopped all the other campers cheered and blew their horns. Then other campers joined in the singing and our boys joined in the cheering and blowing horns and the songs went all around the various camps. The log fires and the many songs and the cheering had given much merriment during the evening away out there in the wilderness.

As we sat there by our fire we heard footsteps and soon saw a ranger coming toward us. He removed his hat and said, "I have just received the sad news that President Harding passed away at seven-thirty." It came to us as an awful shock, for we had seen no papers for days. As he went from camp to camp with the sad news the fires were put out and the place became as dark and as still as death. In no time all signs of joy and fun had vanished like magic. We retired for the night in total darkness; none of us spoke a word. The honey had been left hanging in the tree, but not even the bears had ventured out to break the awful silence of the death of the President of the United States.

In the morning we cooked breakfast as usual and the dishes were packed away without their usual juggling. The honey was taken in and the washing folded and packed away in the white bag to be hung out again, and one after another the campers drove out of Madison Square as quietly as possible and went on their way. There was nothing to do but to continue our trip. So we too quietly packed up and followed the others and were soon off to see more of the Yellowstone. We soon came to another geyser basin. We had a feeling that Mother was a bit suspicious of this

place; there was so much roaring and pounding and steam and boiling water. She was inclined to think the place might blow up any time, and yet she was curious about everything. We did not dare to let her explore alone, for fear she might disappear down some crack or hole, and here were more holes and more cracks with steam and boiling water just everywhere.

As we were traveling about we came to a great place where there was quite thick stuff that was red just like paint, and another place with thick white stuff, also like paint, and boiling with fierceness and tossing up several feet. We watched the strange sight for a long time, thinking it would stop, but it bubbled and boiled and tossed up just as fast as ever. We moved along and came to a great hole, as much as twenty feet across. As we looked down it we saw a perfect morning-glory. The water was boiling with the same fierceness as the red and white paint. The outer edge was a pure white, and then came a delicate blue, and as we looked down, down, it shaded into the dark rich colors of the morning-glory. It was a perfect flower in color and so beautiful I knew Mother would want it, so I took her away. Then we came to another great boiling basin-Mother called it a lake with biscuits all around the edge. The center was a most beautiful boiling blue. The next thing we came to was a roaring mass that looked like grotto. There were holes all through it where water was boiling out, and other places where steam was pouring out with a vengeance. How the whole thing did roar and growl and sputter! The boys just stood around it and hahaed, but Mother had nothing to say. She was a very

silent person around these hot things that acted as if they were trying to blow up. Then we came to another great boiling place that made us think of a large punch bowl. The water had kept boiling over until it had formed a wonderful white crystal edge, as perfect as any dish. It was really unique. Next was a boiling place, about the same size, with a deep hole in the center. It boiled up and then the water disappeared; then it came again in all its fierceness. was fascinating to watch. After a while Mother tossed in her handkerchief. It went down with the gurgling water—and came back up with the boiling. So we all dropped in our handkerchiefs and they whirled around with the boiling water and then disappeared. We watched them go down several times, then got a stick and fished out our washing. We each took one and held it out in the breeze and sunshine and were soon on our way again with clean, dry hankies.

Our next sight was a wonderful little lake of deep blue water like Crater Lake. All around the edge was a rainbow of the richest colors. It was a beautiful sight. Mother hated to leave it. She walked around the lake several times and acted as if she were trying in some way to get that rainbow to carry away with her. We drove on and on and all the time we were passing boiling holes and places with steam coming out of the ground and many boiling lakes with clear bright blue water.

Noon was drawing near and we were feeling hungry, so we prepared our lunch and drove to the geyser basin to eat and watch for Old Faithful to boil up. Every sixty-three minutes Old Faithful has an eruption and it is a beautiful sight. The wind was blow-

ing quite hard as we waited. We watched her start to boil. It came slow at first, but went higher and higher each time. It really was quite a sight as the wind took hold of it. Our boys saw a large boulder and thought they would have their pictures taken on top of it. They got up there, but before they had got seated a stream of boiling water and steam began to pour out of the top and it was laughable to see them hustle down.

There were many wonderful steaming sights that boiled with a fierceness everywhere we went. We drove on for miles, hoping to find Yellowstone Lake, which was a real lake. We planned to fish in it, but even there steam was coming out of the bank, and we passed several little holes, not more than a foot across, right close to the road, that were boiling like fury. We could not get away from the boiling water anywhere.

All the afternoon we saw bears, and this interested the boys. The first bear we saw was eating out of a rubbish barrel, the next one was one that Mother saw coming up the bank near the road and it went along and got into an auto. The tourists feed the bears, as they pass along, until they get quite tame. The next bear was an immense black mother bear, and she had a baby cub way up in the top of a pine tree. We fed her cookies, and took pictures of her. Several cars were parked here, and then she would visit all the cars for eats but would keep a certain watchful eye on her baby high up in the tree. In another place we saw two more bears with some people who were feeding them, and as we drove along we came face to face

with a monstrous big brown bear. He seemed much larger than the big black mother bear. We had this one all to ourselves, so we stopped the cars and he came around to see Mother on the back seat. Raising himself up, he put his front feet over the side of the car, and stood there like a person. Mother reached down to get her cookies, and he kissed her on the cheek. He did not seem to care for the cookies, but began to sniff down in the car, and just then Mother thought of the honey the boys had hung out at Madison Square, and we also had a whole ham in the car which we were planning to have for supper. The boys took several fine pictures of this fellow as he stood there so large and fine, but Mother thought he was going to get right in the car, so we started the engine and he got down. Mother said, "Please move along, I don't like bears very well." She evidently did not want to return his kiss, and even I was afraid he might take the side of the car off. But he was certainly a magnificent fellow as he stood up there on his hind legs.

We crossed the Continental Divide on our way to Yellowstone Lake. There was a camp ground near the lake, in some heavy woods. It looked cold and wet in there, and Mother wished we might camp by the lake, but we could not get a permit. So we drove in among the trees, and built a log fire which made things look more cheerful. Here we cooked the ham which the big brown bear had tried to get away from Mother for a kiss. It was fearfully cold here in these woods, and in the morning we all

shivered around the log fire, so we had a nice hot soup for our breakfast to warm us up.

We had spells of fishing several times that day. And we visited a mud volcano, which was a great hole boiling up mud, and nearby was a large hole in the rock bank which was throwing out water very fiercely. This was called the dragon's mouth. As we explored we noticed many holes in the ground which were bubbling up and growling. Here Mother got spattered with hot mud several times. The ground was real hot in many places, and she was glad to have us move along to the wonderful Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

It was yellow and red, and deep and high. The coloring was very beautiful, and there were wonderful falls 109 feet high, and one great fall 308 feet high. We saw a perfect rainbow in the falls. Mother had a great time exploring around here, and so did the boys. We drove for many miles around the rim of this beautiful canyon and looked down into a clear green stream of water that was very swift and very noisy as it rushed along over and around great boulders. There was one curious place called The Needles, which consisted of many tall rocks rising many feet up to a sharp point. It was a strange sight and made Mother think of the Garden of the Gods. We have seen these strange pinnacles resulting from erosion in several places, and they are a marvelous sight.

We drove on both sides of the canyon so that we could see it in all its beauty. Finally we asked a Ranger where we could find a good fishing place for trout, and he directed us to a fine stream many miles

out among the mountains. So we drove for miles through the desert, with the most beautiful scenery all the way, mountains on all sides. Mother was right in her element once more, for she was glad to get away from the growling, roaring mountains which had cracked open in places and were tossing out hot mud and steam and shooting up streams of boiling water. Away out, miles from the roaring mountains, we found a most beautiful stream of water, and here we set up our tents for a quiet Sunday all by ourselves.

We built a good log fire, and then we went fishing. Mother brought out blankets and sofa pillows, and after supper we all sat by our fire and sang songs until quite late. Then we were off to bed, with the honey and hambone hanging in a tree near by to entice a bear around our tent. Mother always took her billy club to bed with her on occasions such as this.

In the morning four of us got up early to try out the brook. The other four lay abed and enjoyed a Sunday nap. Mother had a wonderful time out here with the little ground squirrels. Quite a few of them gathered in our tent and seemed to have no fear of anybody. About noon we returned with plenty of nice trout for the whole family. Mother had brought a jar of cornmeal mixed with flour and salt way from Massachusetts for this one great meal of trout, and such a good feed as we did have! It was the gypsy life that we all loved best. There were beaver in this brook, and there was a tree right near our tent which they were cutting down. We looked several



THE BEAR THAT KISSED MOTHER

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times in the hope of finding them at work, but no doubt they saw us first.

We planned to take Mother to the buffalo ranch next. There were four hundred of them in Yellow-stone. We drove out to the ranch but found we would have to walk several miles up over a mountain, and as no one was anxious to take the long hot trip, we decided to leave the buffalo to our imaginations. We decided to return to Mammoth Hot Springs next, where we had spent our first night, and camp there for our last night and have another nice bath in the warm swimming pool.

We had planned to spend our twenty-seventh wedding anniversary in Yellowstone Park on August 7, but we decided that five nights there were all we could spare. I doubt if we could have seen all of the wonderful sights in Yellowstone Park if we had stayed there a month, for it is a large place covering thousands of acres. We drove through very beautiful scenery all the way back to Mammoth Hot Springs.

After supper we changed the tires around on our cars, and when I took up the front seat to get at my tools out jumped five grown mice. Mother was standing by and screamed of course. We all started after the mice, and when the other campers around us saw the excitement they were curious enough to come around and call on us. It caused quite a bit of fun to think we were carrying round five mice with us, and one man remarked that we had chased them in all directions and he doubted whether they would ever see each other again. We wondered whether we had brought them from Massachusetts with us.

The next morning we were on our way again. We crossed the Wyoming line into Montana and then went to the ranger's station and checked out and had our firearms unsealed, which was a joy to our tribe of boys. We stopped a while in Gardner and all bought some souvenir of Yellowstone Park. After this we traveled for several miles through scenery fully as beautiful as any we saw in the Park. We stopped in Livingston again and here we bought our eats for our dinner and passed into the desert country of cactus and sage brush, though there were mountains which were very beautiful.

We stopped at Big Timber Mountain and discovered we had all those five mice under our seat again. They must have returned to our tents, called the roll, and gone back to our car for another ride of one hundred and three miles. The roads were had in places and almost like going down steps. Once in a while we came to an irrigation ditch and then we saw alfalfa and wheat and corn. We traveled along the rim of the Yellowstone River for a long way and were glad that the road was dry instead of wet and slipperv. We camped at Columbus, Montana. It was rather wet there; they must have had a very recent shower. It was late when we reached camp, so while the others were setting up the tents Ralphie and Mother were starting supper. Things were moving along finely when there was a crack of thunder and a downpour of rain. We grabbed stove and supper and rushed for shelter. We had no warning of a rain so grub boxes and everything were uncovered, but the boys were lively and soon we were all in one tent. It

rained for several hours, so we all spent the evening together and discussed the wonders of Yellowstone Park and the mice that were still traveling with us.

It was very wet and muddy in the morning, and as it was our twenty-seventh wedding anniversary, August seventh, we did not hurry. We cooked a good breakfast and mended some tubes; then we packed up and were off. It was a very pretty ride. At noon we stopped at Billings and bought a little something special for our anniversary dinner. We had peaches, pears, plums, hot biscuits, and doughnuts.

All the afternoon we traveled through two ridges, or stony mountains, and between the two ridges the Yellowstone River flowed. We crossed the river several times. It is used for irrigation and the ditches follow along by the road. Most of the time there was something green along the ditches, usually sugar beets. The stony ridge was a very strange looking sight, of yellow stone with holes running through it. Mother thought it would be a great place for wolves to live. We traveled over two of the ridges and all were greatly interested in the sights they saw. On the other side it was all dry and cactus and sage brush and we were glad to cross back where there was a strip of green which had been irrigated.

We camped that night at Forsyth, Montana, and just as we got our tent set we discovered we had mosquitoes, so Mother got out her big net and we were soon behind it. We thought we had been very fortunate, as we had seen no mosquitoes on the trip except upon Crater Mountain and then at Forsyth. We had green corn for our anniversary supper. It was

the first we had seen. We bought four dozen ears and wished we had four dozen more, for it surely did taste mighty good to our hungry boys and caused much fun for us all.

In the morning we packed up and said goodbye to our friendly mosquitoes, and were soon on our way again. It was still desert, but very interesting to travel through. There were rolling hills and pyramids and all sorts of mountains. There were places so white with alkali Mother was sure we were traveling in snow at first. Some places looked very wild and we saw a large wolf swing across our trail, but not near enough to shoot. We saw a flock of prairie chickens which created quite a bit of excitement among our boys. They got out their "gats" and had a great time shooting.

At about ten o'clock we missed the Essex car and stopped. Here we got out and did some exploring and took some pictures. A tourist came along and said our boys had a broken spring and would soon be with us. The roads had been fearful and both cars had been too heavily loaded for such bad roads. This broken spring meant a day in camp and Mother said, "O Joy, O Joy, I just love a day in camp! I feel more like a gypsy in camp than I do when riding."

The next stopping place was Miles City, a hustling place of ten thousand. They told us it was the largest horse swapping place in the world. We found a good camp here and a place where we could be quite by ourselves and Mother could play gypsy. We went to the further end of the park where there was a grandstand and a ball ground fenced with chicken

wire. The boys had to send back to Billings for a spring and it would not get here for several hours. So we thought now was a chance to clean the carbon out of our cars. We made good use of the grandstand at this work. We set up our tents and made up our beds. Mother informed us that she was going to wash our khaki pants and shirts and sleeping blankets, and what Mother says, goes. There was a table with seats near and a water faucet near the end of the table. Here Mother washed. She spread our khakis on the table and rubbed on soap and scrubbed them with a brush, then rolled up each piece. Then when all the clothes had been well soaped, she began to rinse and hang out. She had plenty of water; she put on her boots and used all she wanted, and she looked as happy as a child making mudpies while playing in that water. We helped her with the blankets and hung them on the tall chicken wire. It was a great drying day. In the late afternoon she took our khakis off the line, spread them on the table and folded them just so and rolled them tight and tied them with a string and put them in our duffle bags. When we put on our clean clothes they were all creased and looked as if they had been ironed with the greatest of care. Mother is quite a wizard about doing some things, even when she has nothing to do with.

Some of the boys went on a hike to look for agate stones. We had seen some very beautiful ones in Montana which other people had found. In the afternoon the boys went to the movies and we all went in the evening. Mother seemed to be still full of busi-

ness. Her day in camp was such a great event nothing could entice her away. The day was well spent by all. It gave us a chance to give our cars much needed attention.

The next morning two of the boys got up early and went after the new spring and by nine o'clock it was on the car and we were on our way again. It was a clear bright morning and all were feeling quite jubilant after a day's rest. We saw a great many horses and cattle as we drove along, but nothing under cultivation. It looked like good grazing country. We stopped a few minutes at Baker, the last town in Montana. There were many beautiful wild flowers along the road during the past two days and Mother was so interested in them, as they seemed very different from our New England flowers.

CHAPTER XIX

North and South Dakota

WE camped for the night at Bowman, North Dakota, and a rain came soon after we had had our supper, so it was a great night for sleeping. Mother loves the pitter patter of rain on our tent. They had been having rains in this locality for some time. The next morning we found ourselves well rested, and we were on our way at six-thirty. As we went along we saw an unusual sight, which caused quite a bit of excitement. It looked as though we were coming into a great city, and on the right we saw water. It looked like the ocean, but we knew it could not be the ocean, so we decided it must be a great lake. On the left was a large city; we could see brick buildings of red and yellow, and many white buildings with dark roofs. There was one very large building of yellow that looked like a wonderful castle with a tile roof of red. It was a beautiful sight as we drove along in the early morning, and we were all interested and excited over the view, but as we drew nearer the water disappeared and the beautiful city turned into a great rocky ridge. It proved to be all a mirage, but it was so wonderful that we shall always remember it.

After dinner we came to lands under cultivation, and we saw fields and fields full of oat stacks. Then we passed through the desert again; cactus, sage brush hills, and canyons. The land was all cut up with all sorts of interesting things, and we decided

that we must be in the midst of the "bad lands." The coloring of the mountain ridge was wonderful. All the afternoon it was like a great painting of many colors. The prevailing color was a beautiful salmon. Going on through the "bad lands" we saw many great holes in the sides of the ridge which would make a nice homes for wild animals.

At White Butte we crossed the line into South Dakota and followed the state line for quite a way. The frequent rains in the locality and the big rain of the night before had made the roads very muddy, and when the road was under water in one state we would cross over into the other state, so all the afternoon we were traveling in both North Dakota and South Dakota, which amused the boys very much. We had to go up hill and down hill a good deal, also, and at the foot of every hill there would be a deep hole of mud and water. In our New England states we would have had a board or cement bridge across such places.

The houses through this part of the country were mostly little unpainted shacks, with a low shed out back covered with straw for shelter. It looked like a forlorn place to live. For days we had been following along the Yellowstone River, but finally we came to the Missouri River. We had to wait quite a while for a ferry, and while we were waiting, we took the chance to set our watches an hour ahead. President Harding's funeral took place that day, and when we got where we wanted to buy the eats for our dinner, we found all the stores closed, so we drove to a railroad station and bought some ice cream. We had had a mailing station at Hettinger that morning, and

the mother of Herbert and Ralphie had sent a cake and some other good things to eat, so we had cake to eat with the ice cream.

The telephone wires out here amused us a good deal. They use the barbed wire fences, and when they come to a gate they put up a stick on each side high enough for a load of hay to pass under, and then come down to the fence again. There are no trees of any kind in this section of the country. We did not see any fruit or grape vines or berry vines of any kind for days. When we wanted to buy food for our supper that night we found all the stores still closed, so we drove on until after six o'clock when they were opened up again. After we had eaten, we traveled on some more until we came to a good camp site at Bowdle, South Dakota. We had traveled 250 miles that day as we were anxious to make our next mailing station before Sunday, so that we would not have to wait over a day for our mail.

The next morning we were up with the birds and on our way again. We did not see much of Bowdle, as we came in there late and left early. We found South Dakota very rich in crops. We did not see any irrigation ditches or any cactus or sage brush in this state, and the land is smooth enough to cultivate. The houses are large and good looking and well painted. There are also large barns and other buildings on every ranch. We left the beautiful mountains many miles back of us, and were traveling through rich prairie land and thrifty crops of corn, wheat, and oats. We found South Dakota right up and coming, too, for on Friday night our boys bought the Sunday

papers. Mother got quite excited about that. She thought it was going some when we could read the doings of August 12 on August 10.

We reached Aberdeen about noon, bought our eats. and drove out of the city to eat. Then we rushed on for our mailing station at Millbank. There our boys made a grand rush for the postoffice for their letters from home. Then we bought our supplies for supper and breakfast and Hrove fifteen miles further on. We crossed the state line into Minnesota and camped at Ortonville, the first town over the line. I believe Mother had been more fascinated with the states of North and South Dakota than any we had passed through before. She was charmed with the beautiful scenery in North Dakota, the mountain ridges were so rich in coloring and so strange in places, and how she wanted to get out and explore the great holes in the sides as we drove along! Then came the great ranches and great herds of horses and cattle, and then as we came into South Dakota the great ranches changed into beautiful homesteads with fine crops of hay, corn, wheat and oats, and each homestead had a green spot which could be seen for many miles away. Every house had an acre or two of trees around it for a windbrake: willow, box elder, and poplar seem to be the only kind that grow there. In some places it looked as if the seed had been sown as thick as possible, and in other places they were planted in rows. Then as we drove on, the homesteads seemed to change into great farms where the people who live out in the great Northwest can really be neighbors. Along where the roads had been worked the soil looked

black three or four feet down. It was very interesting country to drive through because everything looked prosperous; the houses and barns and crops and stock looked fine and spoke of prosperity. The windbrake of green trees around each house made the great prairie so restful. All the afternoon we drove through wonderful country, then we came to some beautiful lakes as we drove through the eastern part of the state.

Our camp site at Ortonville was rather of a unique place. Mother and the boys seemed to enjoy it there very much. It was a nice clean little camp, and we drove in early, and Mother spotted a place where she thought she could feel quite like a gipsy once more. We had planned to have mashed potato and five pounds of beefsteak for our supper. We got Mother's little folding stool out and set a peck of potatoes by its side for a hint that she should get busy with her knitting work while we set up the tents and made up the beds. The clothes line was stretched out among the trees around us, and then the boys took the water pails over their arms and walked out among the campers to see if there were any pretty girls in camp. This was not necessary work as we had water right by our camp, but it was a habit they had formed when we first started out on the trip and habits have a way of clinging. No doubt this habit will cling until they all have wives!

We had much fun eating our supper here and wound up the good time with a fine watermelon. Then the dishes were washed and juggled, and Mother got busy with the family washing while the boys answered some of their letters. The boys were very thoughtful for Mother, and when they wrote they would ask their friends to write to her, so she always had letters at every mailing station, whether she wrote any or not. After the letter writing was done, the boys went up street and mailed them, and then went to the movies. We all had an unusually good time in this camp.

In the morning we did not hurry up, as it was Sunday. We had a good feed and finished up our big watermelon, and as we did our work and packed up our freight, we were all quite eager to be on our way through the state of Minnesota.



SAW MILL



CHAPTER XX

Minnesota

WE found our drive through this state quite like the day before. During the forenoon Mother would look in all directions and then say: "Every one of those dark spots means a beautiful grove of green trees, and a nice home for somebody." As we passed them they looked so neat and thrifty, not even a weed grew along by the roadside, but instead there was beautiful red clover. The roads were well kept up, and we made great time. In the afternoon we came to some beautiful lakes, and there we came to the University of Minnesota. It was a great surprise to us to find that we had suddenly driven into a great fruit section because we had seen nothing like it in California or Oregon or any other state. It was a wonderful sight for miles. From then on we saw more fruit all the time. Almost every home had apples and berry and grape vines, which made these nice homes look still more thrifty. Then we began to see other trees more and more, and there were marvelous fields of red clover. None of us had ever seen red clover like this before. The fields of wheat and oats disappeared, and red clover and alfalfa, and sugar cane and sugar beets, took their place. We began to see patches of cabbage and potatoes.

In Olivia, where we bought our eats, we saw many names that looked German. About five o'clock we

came to the city of Minneapolis, and decided to camp there for the night. We asked for a camp site and were directed to a great grove of trees on the bank of the Mississippi River. We were told there were over four hundred acres in this great park. The trees were very tall and slim, and looked as if they had seen many hard wind storms. Mother was quite delighted to find a camping place among so many trees after driving so many days out through the prairie. We saw a table and seats, and drove up near it and began to unpack.

Pretty soon other autos began to drive near us. They were filled with elegantly dressed people. We did not like this, as we were used to campers and people that were dressed in khaki like ourselves. Soon more cars stopped, and then they began to get out of their cars and crowd around us. Finally a crowd had gathered and we were surrounded by well dressed people who crowded nearer and nearer. Mother went to the car and got her billy club and fastened it to her belt. We all could see that Mother was very angry. Nothing like this had ever happened before; there had always been a caretaker in every tourist camp, and the natives were never allowed to annoy the tourists. In many places the park officers had informed us that we could leave our camping outfit and take our cars while we drove around the town or city, and no one would ever think of peeping into our tent. One officer said that if any one was ever caught molesting a tourist or outfit, he was tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail. Yet here were nice looking, well dressed people crowding around us.

just as if we were a circus come to town.

The crowd grew and grew, until we were completely surrounded, and we had hard work to get set up for the night. They looked our cars over inside and out, they looked in our grub boxes, they looked in our tents, and how they did gabble and talk! And the crowd kept coming. We wanted to cook our supper, and we got set up at last, but still the people gathered around us. The clothes line went out as usual, and Mother went forth with the washing which had not dried the night before. She hung our B. V. D.'s upon the line and then our long woolen stockings. As she returned to the car, with her empty white bag, she heard some one remark: "Well, ain't they a sight! "She did not know whether it was our cars which were plastered with stickers from the various states and national parks, or our family in their big hats and red bandannas, or the B. V. D.'s and stockings hanging on the line. At any rate, Mother was sore about this great crowd of Sunday curiosity seekers, and she knew her happy gipsy life had come to an end. She was ready to go home now, and we knew we could not get her there fast enough. Mother had never liked housework or cooking, and she had dreaded to return to the duties of a home again. She had loved this carefree gipsy life with our boys, but now she had to cook our supper before a great audience of elegantly dressed people. She came and stood by the corner of the table with her billy club in her hands and tears in her eyes. We gathered around and tried to shield her as much as possible, but the people walked back and forth, and explored here and there as much as they dared, so we got our supper over as quickly as we could. Then some of the boys went into the city, and others walked on the banks of the Mississippi River, and after the crowd had scattered we took Mother out and tried to give her a good time. But she could not forget how she had heard some one say: "Well, ain't they a sight" and it is just possible that our B. V. D.'s did not look as white as theirs which had been washed in hot water and boiled. We knew that Mother had done her best with cold water. As we drew near the East the tourist camps became scarce and with very few conveniences.

In the morning we left for the city. The boys who had visited it the night before were quite enthusiastic over the place. We visited the postoffice and the Journal office and an automobile club, and were given several nice souvenirs of the city. Mother enjoyed her drive around the city very much. We saw a number of mills and factories, including Washburn and Crosby's great flour mill. Then we crossed the great Mississippi River, to visit the twin city of St. Paul, the capitol of the state. We stopped a short time at the Capitol building, and then drove into the business sections and visited some of the large stores and the City Hall. We passed the great building of Montgomery, Ward & Co.

We bought our dinner and ate it just out of St. Paul. Then we crossed the state line by going over a toll bridge across the St. Croix River into Wisconsin.

CHAPTER XXI

Wisconsin

OUR first stop in Wisconsin was at Eau Claire, where we bought the supplies for our supper. Then we drove on to a nice camping place at Chippewa Falls. This was the best camp we had seen for many a day. Here we had green grass and a few trees. There was a tennis court here, and a kitchen with white sinks and white ranges and gas, but we stuck to our camping place. We found a good table and three setees which made us feel very comfortable. We put our stove on one end of the table, which made it very handy for Mother. Then we had a good feed of mashed potatoes, meat, and sweet corn, bread, and coffee.

There was a big black cloud in the west, and some thundering, and just as we finished cooking, there was a loud clap of thunder over our heads and great drops of rain began to fall which left wet spots as big as silver dollars on our khaki suits. We looked at each other, and each of the eight made a grab and rushed for the big square tent. As we passed in one behind the other, we heard peal after peal of laughter from other tourists nearby, and we knew we had caused much amusement as we had grabbed our kettle of potatoes, pail of corn, spider of meat, kettle of coffee, butter, milk, bread and suger. Each of us had taken something.

We had no more than got settled on the cots when

the rain stopped as suddenly as it had come. So we all returned to the table again, and as we filed out with much laughter and fun, we waved at our good neighbors. We all took our ears of corn and began to fix them with butter and salt and pepper, when down came another hard shower. We all made a grab for the eats again, and dashed for shelter, and this time the tourists cheered as we ran! We were getting acquainted rapidly. But those dollar drops had left us quite damp. We had all held on to our ears of corn and sat down or stood up and ate it with much merriment. Then suddenly the rain stopped again and the sun shone out and back we all went to the table again with our menu. We shook the water off our plates and Mother divided up the meat and potatoes and we began to reduce our ravenous appetites once more. This time we finished eating and were getting ready to wash our dishes, when down came another shower. This one lasted quite a while. Mother dug out her rubber boots and went out and made a low bow to the tourists nearby, who all clapped as we made our appearance once more. We washed up the dishes and the boys wiped and juggled them in great shape. By the time the work was done up our neighbors had dropped over and much fun and visiting was going on. We met very fine people in these tourist camps and all seemed interested in our family of happy boys. We never will forget the jolly time at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

We had more rain during the night, but it cleared away before morning and when we made our appearance the next day it was clear and bright and wonderful after the rain. The boys had spent the evening writing letters so we stopped a short time at Stanley and mailed them. At Owen we visited a big saw mill. The mill men were very kind to us and showed us all over the mill. It was quite a process. We saw the great logs snaked out of the water and then moved along to the great saw, which seemed to slice them up so easily. Then we saw the men sort out the boards and some went one way and some another. We saw every part of a great log sorted and used for something. Even the slab of bark was cut up in pieces and went on its way to the boiler room to be used for fuel to keep the great mill powerful. We were all greatly interested in the doings of this great lumber mill, but none more than Mother was. just marveled at the process and at the various kinds of lumber which came from one log. Even lathes were made from certain parts. The perfect boards were left at a certain place and boards of a certain width were dropped along at the right place.

At Marshfield we bought our eats for dinner. We had a bad detour to make and we got a puncture and also got into a ditch which delayed us a little. Wisconsin seems to have either mighty good roads or mighty bad, but mostly bad, for they were torn up everywhere, putting in beautiful cement roads, so that we had many bad detours to make and many narrow rough places to pass over.

Mother had been very much interested in the country we had been passing through. All day she had been watching the smoke from a great fire. It was really a pretty sight, as it rolled up and met the

clouds in the sky. Wisconsin looks as if it were old and had been settled many years. The land looks as if it had been cleared of great timber, for there are stump fences everywhere, but the land is nice and smooth and planted to clover, corn, buckwheat, oats, potatoes, and cabbages, and the farms look more the size of our New England farms, but with not so many trees. Either fruit does not do well here, or else it is not the fashion to have orchards in Wisconsin. Mother thought the stump fences quite unique. They had been dug or pulled up by the roots and were placed in such a way that it would be hard for cattle to get through them. These great roots had been bleached by many years of rain and sunshine and now were quite white, reminding us of the deer and elk antler fences of Yellowstone Park. The cows of Wisconsin seemed very different from any we had seen before. They had white faces and black heads and white bodies and a herd could be seen for many miles. We saw no black nor yellow cows in this state at all.

During the late afternoon we came to a very fine piece of new cement road and how we did travel to reach Oshkosh, our next mailing station before six o'clock. But we just missed the post-office by two minutes. Our boys were greatly disappointed. Mother and I surmised that the many letters and souvenirs which had traveled to the east from our boys to those pretty girls who kissed us all so sweetly some weeks ago, might be turning into real love affairs by the way our boys seemed to be so eager to receive answers. We had noticed that our boys sat up late with their letter writing, so it looked as though some of them

might be getting quite serious. They were all twentyone now and some of them were quite old enough to be thinking about a home and a wife. They had met many pretty girls on this trip and had a good chance to compare the western girls with the eastern, and who knows that some of these letters might have been from western girls they had met along the way? We felt that our boys were good boys and would make some mighty nice husbands for some mighty nice girls, whether western or eastern. We were very glad that the boys could visit the west and see so much of the country before they took wives and settled down to married life. This trip was going to help them to make their future, and who knows but that some of these boys might wish to return to the west in some future day.

As we entered Oshkosh we passed by a most beautiful cemetery. The grass and flowers were lovely and many of the stones were very costly and spoke of much love and wealth. The city looked like a very prosperous place. There were many beautiful homes. Oshkosh looked so attractive we unconsciously slowed down a little and forgot about the mail for a few minutes. Our boys made one grand rush for the post-office, but the doors were locked. They came back to the cars very slowly with a most disappointed look in their usually happy faces. They looked at Mother and said, "Only two minutes late; so near and yet so far."

We inquired for a camp site and were directed to a beautiful park on Lake Winnebago and were made welcome at their fine, large municipal club building. It was a wonderful building. There were rocking chairs, dining tables and chairs, pianos, dance halls, and a great piazza hanging over the lake. There was just every comfort of a beautiful home. There were bathing houses and boats. We had a wonderful time here. Later in the evening nice people came and called on us and were so interested in our trip and our family of boys. The boys had a nice time here. They met some attractive girls to visit with and had some good walks around the park. Guy sprained his ankle here; he had a little fracas with a dog named Pepper which caused much amusement among the other boys.

The next morning we were stirring with the birds and were anxious to be the first ones to reach the post-office. We discovered a drop in the price of gas to sixteen cents and of course filled up to the brim. Then we were off for Milwaukee. There was a nice new cement road and we traveled right along. It was a beautiful ride. The country looked more like our New England States. There was golden rod in bloom along by the roadside and other wild flowers mixed in with the red clover.

The boys thought they would like to make a stop in Milwaukee and look the city over a little. We drove in on Grand Avenue and we seemed unable to find a parking place. We saw a policeman and asked him where we could go. When he noticed our Massachusetts number plates and the stickers from all the states we had been through on our cars, our camping outfit and the bunch in their immense hats, he smiled and walked to the curbing and picking up the "No

Parking signs said, "Drive right in here," and so we did. Soon the boys were off to see the city, leaving Mother in one car and Guy with his sprained ankle in the other. When we returned there was a great crowd of several hundred people gathered around the cars. We had hard work to get back into them. We found Mother rolling her billy club back and forth in her lap and talking with people on both sides of the car. We remained there quite a while and it seemed to be mostly Massachusetts people who came to visit with us. As the crowd kept growing we decided we should have to move along or the police would have to move the people. We blew our horns and started our engines. Then everybody wanted to shake hands with us. We managed to get out of the crowd without killing anybody and were soon on our way again.

After leaving Milwaukee we got our first view of Lake Michigan. We had passed many pretty lakes as we drove through the state of Wisconsin, and every farm had its field of red clover in bloom. We saw the Wisconsin seed houses advertised all along the way, so we supposed that much seed was raised through this country for planting.

While passing through Racine we lost the Essex car. Mother got quite excited over it. All the way on this trip she had been so afraid that we should get separated and never find each other again. This reminded us of our separation at Bakersfield and our race to Fresno. That time Mother held our eats for dinner on her lap and the butter melted and ran out on her knees and down her stockings and she threw the box out with an awful rattle of tin cans of milk,

which brought us to a sudden stop, amid much laughter as we looked at Mother with buttered knees. This time we decided not to wait two hours, but to drive right on to Kenosha, where we had planned to stay two nights and visit the Nash Automobile factory. We drove around Kenosha for a while until the other boys arrived.

We were directed to a camp site on Washington Island by Lake Michigan. It was not much of a camping place, but we had a really good time there. There was another camper near us, a mother with her children, who were spending the summer vacation here. They had a little white puppy with them with which our family enjoyed playing. Some of our boys went to the movies that night and came home in a rain. It rained all night and was still raining in the morning, so we did not hurry up for breakfast. Later it cleared off and Mother did the family washing.

In the afternoon we all went through the Nash factory, all but Guy, who was still lame from his fracas with the dog Pepper. He stayed in camp to look after the outfit and play with the little white puppy. The Nash factory was a great sight from begining to end, and no one enjoyed it more than Mother did. She enjoyed the foundry most of all. We passed through room after room and saw piece after piece turned into something worth while, until all the parts were made. Then they began to put parts together and after a while the automobile began to slide along while each man stood ready to add his part. Then we saw the paint put on and rubbed down. One hundred and sixty-five machines pass out of the factory every day.

It was a marvelous sight for us all and we felt that we had never seen more in two hours than we had seen there with our guide ready to answer all questions. We were very sorry that one boy had to miss it.

We returned and cooked our supper and then left Guy again with the outfit while we all went to the movies. The picture was good—"The Isle of Lost Ships," and the funny picture was also enjoyed by all.

The next morning we all lay abed except Mother. She was up with the birds and did another washing, cleaned out our grub boxes, took in the washing of the day before, and folded and mended clothes. About one o'clock we got packed up and were off for the great city of Chicago. As we got ready to start the other campers came out with the little white dog to see us off. Some of us had grown quite fond of the little fellow and as we started Mother said. "What a pity to leave that little white dog behind!" I stopped the car and went back and bought him and tossed him over into Mother's lap. He took to Mother like a fish to water. Some of the boys looked disgusted with our little white mascot, but there was never a doubt that even they enjoyed him. Mother asked the boys to give him a name, but no one could find a name that quite fitted him. After a while she began to call him Percy and the name stuck to him.

About eight miles below Kenosha we crossed the state line from Wisconsin into Illinois, and about three thirty we struck the outskirts of Chicago. We traveled until five o'clock without finding a tourist camp here, but a policeman got a permit for us to camp out some miles away in a forest reserve. Moth-

er liked the place and thought she could be a real gypsy once more. It was a nice place, but there was no water there for her to putter around with. Of course she was quite lost without it, but we had plenty of good water for cooking and drinking in our desert bags and so got along well.

There were no other campers here and we had a wonderful time cooking our supper and enjoying our freedom once more. After supper the six boys took the trolley into the big city to look the place over. I stayed in camp with Mother and her white dog. The next morning she insisted on my going into the city with the boys. She spread a blanket on the ground and sat down with her dog and billy club by her side. The little pup would walk around her and growl as if he dared any of us to touch her. We hated to leave Mother so far away from anybody, but the Ranger said he would be by every hour and that she would be quite safe there.

So off we went for the day. We went out to see the great stock yards and during the afternoon Guy and Eddie went to see Babe Ruth play ball. Lester and Ralphie went to see the White City and some of us visited the great stores and went out to Municipal Pier. We all felt quite satisfied with our day in Chicago and returned to camp to find Mother and the outfit all safe.

The next morning we left camp about nine o'clock and drove into Chicago and drove around some so that Mother could see how the big city looked. Since she had been there several times before we were soon on our way again.

CHAPTER XXII

Michigan

WE traveled about sixty miles in the state of Indiana and about one o'clock we crossed the Indiana line into Michigan. At Benton Harbor we saw some of the people of the House of David. We traveled all day through wonderful fruit country. There were apples, pears, and peaches, and acres and acres of strawberry vines and raspberry vines. It was really a wonderful sight. Then we came to great vineyards. There was very little farming done through this fruit district, only small gardens of potatoes and corn with each fruit farm.

We reached Kalamazoo quite late, but found a nice camp there and set up for the night. In the morning we were on our way to Battle Creek, Michigan. arrived there about nine-thirty and drove around the city some. We passed the Post Toasties Cereal Company. Then we drove to W. K. Kellogg's Corn Flakes factory. As he was a relative of ours we decided to stop, hoping we would have a chance to take our boys through the factory. Here we had a wonderful time. A guide was sent to take us all around. He showed us the corn on the ear and explained all the process, then he took us over the great factory. It was a big affair. They had a machine shop, printing shop, box shop. They do everything that is necessary for the business right there in the factory. We saw the whole process of turning corn into flakes. It surely took

some machinery to do it, and how it interested our boys to watch the process go on. Then we saw them make the boxes, print them, stick them, and line them with paper, and lastly fill and seal them, pack them in big boxes, and send them away. Then we were shown the large dining-room and kitchen where everything is made and cooked for the help, and a large social room, fixed up for moving pictures. The girls all wore blue dresses, trimmed in white, with white caps. We were invited to take dinner with them in their fine dining-room. This was a great treat for Mother and for us all. Then our guide brought us each a booklet and a box done up in white striped paper and tied with a blue ribbon and we were taken to the office to meet our rich relative. We had a very nice visit. He asked to meet our boys and we took him out to the cars. He seemed quite interested in our camp outfit and in all our doings and in our fine boys. He invited us to his garage and showed us a beautiful house car which was nearly completed. This was wonderfully planned and wonderfully furnished and very costly. We enjoyed all Mr. Kellogg's kindness to us and our boys. He knew how to be one with us. Mother was so pleased with his beautiful house wagon she began right away to plan a house wagon and another trip to be taken in it in five years. Mother loves to travel and hopes some day we may take another trip and call on our relatives scattered through the west. On this trip our family was too large and our three months' time too limited to do any visiting along the way.

After leaving the W. K. Kellogg Corn Flake factory,

we went on to Detroit to visit the Ford factory. We left the fruit district and came to large farms where wheat and oats had been harvested. We passed a place where a tornado had passed through and torn up orchards by the roots and destroyed a long row of large trees by the roadside. It looked like an almighty storm. We passed through Jackson and Ann Arbor and reached the Ford city about five-thirty, only to find no tourist camp. We called up automobile clubs and called on the police, but the nearest place we could find was seventeen miles back and we hated to go back. We were parked on the outskirts of the city and people began to gather around us. We told them of our predicament and some kind people got their heads together and invited us to park in their front yard. We hated to accept their kind offer, but we also hated to go back seventeen miles or to try to sleep in our cars. So a Boy Scout led the way and we went to look the place over. There was a house in back and houses on both sides. After talking things over we decided to accept their kind offer. A great crowd gathered around so that we had hard work to get set up, there were so many people around. Mother cooked our supper inside. The little children were all crazy to see the little white puppy. After supper we left Mother and the dog to look after the outfit, while we went out to explore the city a little.

The next morning we bid our kind friends goodbye and went out to the Ford factory. After we had looked about somewhat we returned to the city and Herb walked down the street a few blocks to an automobile club to get some information. He got lost and had to hire a cab to look us up. He showed up in about two hours and a half, and how the boys did jolly him! We drove by the Buick factory, but did not stop.

As we left Detroit it began to rain. At about fivethirty we reached Port Huron, Michigan. We made out papers at the United States Custom House and crossed the St. Claire river by ferry into Canada. On the Canadian side we had to make out more papers. At Sarnia, Ontario, the first town we came to, we found a good tourist camp and set up for the night and cooked our supper. There we left Mother and her dog to look after things while we went out to explore the place. The rain had cleared away and it had turned out cold. We all had the shivers, so we did not hang out very long among the natives this time. We went to bed cold and got up cold and before we got breakfast over and packed up we thought we were quite frost-bitten. We stopped at London, Ontario, and mailed some letters and saw another great Kellogg's Corn Flakes Factory. We passed through Hamilton, Ontario, and several other nice cities. We drove two hundred miles on the Canadian side before we reached Niagara Falls. We found it a very interesting ride and seemed to be passing through a wonderful fruit district of apples, pears. cherries, peaches, and we passed many very large grape vineyards and saw many places where fruit was being packed and sent away. The farms were large and well-kept and the houses were nice and large for country houses. Ontario looked very prosperous and beautiful.

We crossed the lower bridge over the Niagara River, leaving Canada and entering the United States. We passed the Custom House all O. K. and then went to the post-office for our mail and then drove near the falls to a good tourist camp, where we found automobiles from almost every state in the United States. We did much exploring around the falls and took pictures. Here is the home of the great Shredded Wheat factory. There were many souvenir stores here and all had to have a souvenir. Our boys scattered to various places while Mother and I found a good place to sit down and just look. We had been here several times before, but we always love to come again and always will. Of all the falls we had seen on our trip we loved these best. As we returned to our tent with our little white dog, Mother reminded me that our long-dreamed-of trip was about ended . and we were only a few miles from home. That night as the boys drifted in we made our plans for the ending of our trip and decided to go to Granville where four of the boys lived and set up our tents on the village green during the wee small hours of the night and give folks a surprise. So we fell asleep that night dreaming of home.

The next morning we were on our way again, all excited over our plans. We passed through Rochester, N. Y., about noon. It was a beautiful place. Here we bought our eats for dinner. Just beyond Rochester we stopped to see some locks on the Eric Canal and saw them let a couple of boats through. We stopped

a short time at Geneva on Seneca Lake. We found New York State a great fruit country and passed many canning factories and great packing houses.

We arrived at Auburn, N. Y., at about five thirty. This was our last camping place. We had relatives here and drove to their home and camped in their yard. We set up our tents and cooked our supper and were treated to pies and cakes and many other good things. Our boys went to the city to the movies, while Mother and I sat by a cozy kitchen fire and visited. It was still quite cold and the fire felt good to us as we sat and rocked and talked. They invited us to sleep in the house, but we decided to stick to our tents until our trip was ended.

The next morning we cooked our breakfast and our cousins were much interested in our camp life and our fine bunch of boys. We visited the State Prison in Auburn and our boys all had to try out the electric chair where the man who killed President McKinley was electricated.

CHAPTER XXIII

Canada and Home

FROM here we finished our trip, a drive of two hundred and seventy-five miles. We passed through Syracuse, N. Y., and as we were passing through the next town we got held up by the speed cop, but when he saw we were tourists he let us go. We were passing through the town very slowly, but not quite so slowly as fifteen miles an hour. He was a good sport and told us we could go thirty miles an hour when we got to the top of the hill. While in Canada we were held up for speeding when we were speeding. We were on a good road and were very anxious to make Niagara Falls before the post-office closed. We had over two hundred miles to go, so when we got out in the country we stepped on the juice and were traveling right along when the speed cop overtook us and said he had been trying to catch us for two hours. He saw we were tourists and ignorant of the laws of Canada. He told us to drop down to twenty-five miles an hour and was off for the other car. He found them waiting beside the road for us to come. He informed them that the other car was back on the road obeying the law. When we caught up with them they had a good laugh on us. The police were very good to us all the way on our trip. Every state having different laws, we were always in bad about something, but they were kind enough to inform us of the law and let us pass without a fine.

We were all feeling quite hilarious on this last lap of our trip. We passed through Utica and Schenectady and reached Albany, the capitol city, at eight o'clock, when we had our supper. The moon was full and as bright as day. We crossed the Massachusetts state line and went on to Pittsfield. We were in Huntington as the clock struck twelve-and then on for Granville, where were the homes of four of our boys. We arrived at one-thirty. The town was as still as death and as bright as day. We drove to the village green, where the public library was located, and just across the road was the home of Herb and Ralphie. We were all trembling in our shoes for fear they would hear us setting up our tent. We found an old auto tire and cut out a piece and laid it on top of our tent pins so as to make as little noise as possible. We got set up at last and the clothes line was stretched among the trees and Mother went out with her white bag and filled it full of clothes. We made up our beds and set out our stove with the coffee pot on it and set our water pails out. The boys smiled when they saw them waiting there; they knew they had gone on their last trip out around among the tourists for water. We were soon all set, without anybody discovering us. Then we put on some water and all had a clean shave, for who knows but that we might all be kissed again by those pretty girls? After the shaving we lay down in our khakis to wait for the first sound of Granville stirring.

About five o'clock in the morning the silence was broken by someone walking on the sidewalk. He stopped near one tent, and passed on. He was the fireman at the drum factory. Soon the whole town was astir; he evidently had made good use of the telephone. People hustled out in all directions and such a welcome back as we received! Our cars and camping outfit were quite a curiosity. We left them on exhibition all day. The first person to discover us thought at first a band of gypsies had come to town. We had painted a large sign and put it out in front:

—Granville Auto Camp.

The next people who came knew it was the return of the boys from the wild and wooly west. As the girls rushed over to greet our boys we noticed that some went back of our tent and did their smacking in private. Mother and I knew that those kisses were quite sacred; those months of letter-writing had done their work, and some of our boys would never be quite the same again.

We spent the day in Granville and called on the parents of our boys, and then we packed up and went to Westfield, to visit Lester's home. Here we slept in a bed for the first time since leaving on our trip three months ago. It seemed strange to lie between snow white sheets again and to sit down to a table loaded with all the good things to eat. We spent the day here and late in the aftenoon we were off for Greenfield with Eddie and Lester and the little white dog. And no one was more glad to see us back than dear old Uncle Elmer, who had stayed alone in our house and taken care of Buddy the cat and swarmed the bees.

It will seem strange to settle down to a quiet life again. We have had a wonderful trip, but after all

there is no place like home. The west is big and wonderful; the scenery is magnificent and marvelous. Every day of our trip has been full of interesting things; every mile of the way has fascinated us; pen nor mouth can never tell. Our long dreamed of trip by automobile from coast to coast is ended, but it can never end in our minds. We can close our eyes and still see it. Every state we passed through had its peculiar beauty and fascination for us all. The National Parks I have no words nor language to describe. They are educational to those who visit them, as well as marvelously strange, beautiful, and wonderful. Pike's Peak was magnificent: the Grand Canvon was grand. The Petrified Forest was strange and marvelous. The Yosemite Valley was simply everything never to be forgotten. The California forest of big timber was so big and mighty we cannot describe it. We slept one night without a tent under the mighty trees and it seemed as if their tops reached to the very heavens. Crater Lake with her ragged walls of rock and deep blue waters of indigo, sapphire. turquoise, and emerald green, would need a poet to describe it. Yellowstone Park, with its great variety of animals and its lakes of boiling water of clearest. deepest blue, and its many geysers, was also strange The various states all had their and wonderful. beauty and things of interest. The scenery of Delaware and Maryland was charming to the eve. West Virginia and Pennsylvania had their interesting coal mines and oil wells, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were rich farming states, Missouri greeted us with her rains and gumbo mud, yet they were interesting days, never



GRANVILLE AUTO CAMP AND THE JOLLY EIGHT



to be forgotten. Then came Kansas and Colorado with their long-eared jack-rabbits and great farms of corn and grain as far as the eve could see, and here and there a great herd of horses or cattle, with their picturesque cow punchers. New Mexico and Arizona had their desert of sand and cactus and sage brush, and strange looking mountains and rocky ridges and canyons and adobe houses. Mexico shocked us with her bold, barbaric ways. California fascinated us with her balmy sunshine and delicious fruit and fragrant flowers and her many great orchards and wheat fields and her great system of irrigation. Oregon and Washington were much the same as northern California. Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming were wild and rich in mines and timber, and their great smelters and sawmills were busy. North Dakota looked lonely; her great wheat ranches made homes and neighbors a long way apart, but South Dakota was very beautiful with her homesteads and farms and bunches of green trees for windbreaks, and Minnesota was rich in her great wheat fields and corn fields as far as the eye could see. Wisconsin looked more like our dear New England states than any other state. Here were smaller farms and orchards and beautiful lakes. Michigan and New York State were rich in vineyards and orchards and packing houses and canning factories, with trees loaded with fruit waiting to be harvested. Twenty-seven states we traveled through, also Mexico, Canada, and the Catalina Islands, and all had their special interest for us. But for real beauty I believe there is nothing in the United

States. The Green Mountains, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, the Berkshire Hills, and our Mohawk Trail hold the dearest place in our hearts. They are beautiful and I believe they will seem still more beautiful to us as we visit them again. We traveled over eleven thousand miles and every mile was interesting. But hurrah for old New England and her cloudcapped granite hills.

This is my own, my native land, Though poor and rough it be; The home of many a noble soul, The birthplace of the free.

Let others praise their western clime, Give me our rocks and hills; Dear home, sweet home, for me and mine, Till death my warm blood chills.

Mother's gypsy life had come to an end. For three months she had not worn a dress. Now she took off her great hat and hung it in the hall. The billy club was still hanging on her arm; she hung it by the front door. Her little white dog kept close to her heels as she walked around the house. She hated to return to dresses. She lit the gas and made some tea, the first we had tasted for three months. It was Sunday night and the next day would be Monday, and she would do the family washing by electricity and the rest of us would be back on our jobs.

Buddy the cat soon came to greet us. He was delighted and quite surprised to find his family home. He sprang from chair to chair while singing his happy song. Percy the little white dog was anxious for him to come to the floor, but Buddy decided to get acquainted with the little white creature from the chairs. Percy reached up and touched him with his paw, and when he wasn't looking Buddy reached down and felt of his white coat. They liked each other from the first and were soon frolicking all over the house. The boys thought they never could return to shop life again, nor Mother to housework.

We were all off for bed early. Mother's alarm clock was set for quarter of four and we knew she was returning to her old habit of doing her daily dozen exercises and taking a bath and drinking a few glasses of cold water. Mother was always up with the birds and always looked so happy and trim at our breakfast table. And this first morning we hardly knew her as she flew around in her pretty gingham dress and light apron. Her face shone as she said, "We will go again in five years, we will go to Florida and to Alaska and through the Canadian Rockies and we will camp on Lake Louise."









